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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AN ADMONITION.

...his the noiseless step!—the wordless voice—
...though not heard, of the dread angel, Time!
...nce deep he speeds his onward way,
...ng his fearless path with devastation.
...tless power!—his desolating hand
...n the fair works of man,—and lays in dust
...that was made to die.—The gloomy shades
...ages past, whisper the fallacy
...earthly hope.—The mighty vestiges
...f ancient grandeur, frowning in their ruin
...eak, in their silence, to man's listening spirit,—
...d tell that this vain world is not his rest.
...here are the heads that plann'd—the hands that rear'd
...ose lofty piles?—Fell Time hath laid them low!
...here are the hearts whose glowing energies,
...igh in ambition, nerv'd the conqueror's arm
...o glorious deeds?—The lurid eye of Time
...ch chill'd their ardent longings for *renown*.
...is silent,—powerful voice, with deadly charm,
...h hush'd, in a deep sleep, their throbbings wild.
...at is the mighty story of the past—
...olding the wond'ring ear?—a *dream!* a *name!*
...ime's children—days—and weeks—and months—and years—
...ith earth's gay scenes, and man's proud hopes, he sweeps
...nto the shoreless—fathomless profound
...f all-entombing ruin!

S. E.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

We do not approve of many of the opinions of our talented correspondent. The following essay is, however, an ingenious and well-written vindication of the Thespian art; and we have given it a place for the sake of impartiality, together with a hope that some one of our numerous contributors may furnish us with an equally ingenious refutation.—Editor.

AN ESSAY

On the Character and Effects of the Stage.

BY RICHARD EVANS.

...t post punica bella quietus quærere cœpit,
...uid Sophocles, et Thespis, et Aeschylus utile ferrent.
Hor. Epist.

It is asserted by some, that the theatre, within a few years, has become a less fashionable resort than formerly, both in England and in America. The fashionable circles, perhaps, find it insupportable to be bored, for several hours together, with the productions of literary men, whether comedies or tragedies; or what is more probable, they are rendered unwilling, by their aristocratic and exclusive notions, to be found associated with the mixed company of a theatre. Whatever may be the reason, whether it arises from some particular cause, or only from one of the accustomed whims and freaks of fashion, the estimation of the stage, with what are denominated the higher classes, seems to have diminished. Whether those worthy persons who are disposed to congratulate themselves on this account, as for something which presages the downfall of the stage, are correct in their views, is a question deserving of consideration; particularly at this time, when the arrival among us of one of the most talented actresses of the present day, both for talent and for excellence of moral character, (I allude to Miss Ellen Tree,) has added some degree of temporary interest to the drama. Or, in other words, will people of fashion in Europe and America be more profitably employed when spending their nights in the insipid conversation, and the monotonous scenes of fashionable assemblies, than they have been while listening to the productions of the master spirits of the world; and the "*rude vulgus*" in Europe, (I will not suppose, in this country, the existence of a class which so often excited the refined indignation of patricians and poets in ancient days,) will they, who have few opportunities, and little taste for private reading, be more refined and improved, when spending their money in sensual gratifications and pleasures, than they are while beguiled into a literary amusement by the attractions of the stage; amusements of some kind they will have; it is vain to imagine that the class of people who most emphatically earn their money by the sweat of their brows will not spend a part of it in a way to afford them pleasure.

And here permit me to remark, that whatever may be the result of our inquiry, whatever even may be our private opinions, the cause of the drama deserves to be heard; we owe it to the memory of those great authors who have spent their lives in writing for the stage: we owe it even, I would say, to the memory of the distinguished actors, who, in different ages and countries, have trod the sock and the buskin. Yes, let those remember, who are accustomed to call the profession of an actor degrading, that Garrick was an actor, and Siddons; Moliere, too, was an actor, and Shakspeare; and if they are fond of the classics they may recall to mind the praises of the "divine Roscius;" unless, indeed, like some in this age of improvement, they are disposed to resign the classics, as well as the classic drama, to the flames. Let it be remembered, too, that the most celebrated authors in England, France, Germany and ancient Greece, perhaps I may add, though with less emphasis, in Spain, Italy, and ancient Rome, devoted their labours to the drama.

It may not be amiss to glance over, for a moment, the list of some of these great names; while recalling to mind what they have done for the drama, we may arrive at the probable effects of the theatre in the different ages in which they lived.

The origin of the stage is generally traced to Greece, the mother of the arts and sciences. At certain festivals, in a rude and early age, choirs of singers chanted unpolished songs, in which they ridiculed and reviled, by name, their oppressors, those guilty of heinous crimes, and any others who might have incurred their displeasure. Thus humble was the origin of the drama. Thespis, who was cotemporary with Solon, was the first who brought theatrical amusements into any thing like a regular form. Within about a century from this time, the Greek drama was carried to its highest perfection. Within that period flourished Æschylus, and, about fifty years later, Euripides and Sophocles. Of Æschylus it is said that he painted his heroes greater than man can become; of Sophocles, that he represented man as he might be, and of Euripides, that he represented man as he really is. In his heroes and demi gods, Aeschylus inspired his countrymen with the love of heroic virtue. Prometheus, suffering terrible retribution for his love of the human race, scorns to complain; he had stolen the ethereal fire from heaven and communicated it to mortals; chained to the rock, by the orders of a higher power, he is overwhelmed with storms, and blasted by lightening; but he deigns not to supplicate pardon and release from his unjust punishment.

The Greek comedy is divided into the ancient, the middle, and the new. In the first, or ancient, the satire was directed at living persons, pointed out by name; in the second, real persons were ridiculed, but under fictitious appellations; of this class the dramas of Aristophanes are a specimen. The new comedy, which succeeded the middle, continued the ridicule of vice and folly, but without alluding to real characters. Of the new comedy, Menander was the bright example; exhibiting a vein of keen and delicate wit, joined with perfect purity of moral sentiment.

An important part in the Greek theatre was performed by the chorus, who filled up the intervals between the acts by moral reflections suggested by the incidents of the play, condemning the vices of the different characters introduced, or applauding their virtues. The power which the drama exercised in Greece, in softening and refining the manners of a rude age, in communicating the knowledge and love of literature, and in inspiring the noble sentiments of the Greek poets, cannot easily be estimated. A rough race of men, who had no means of acquiring an acquaintance with literature from books, were assembled from their solitary haunts, and subjected to the refining influence of music, poetry, and social amusements. It is sometimes objected to the Grecian drama, that there were occasionally admitted expressions of an immoral tendency; but to condemn the whole stage on that account, by one sweeping denunciation, were as unjust as to give up the whole circle of literature for similar excrescences, because occasional immoralities are found in some of the productions of genius. It has been asserted, too, that some of the Greek philosophers condemned the stage as it existed in their day; but what opinion could not find support among the contradictory writings of some one or other of those theoretic moralists?

Until after the Punic wars, the Roman people were utterly rude and illiterate. The *versus fescennini*, mentioned by Livy and Horace, were of the nature of a poetic dialogue, or alternate verses, sung by the laborers at the time of harvest, in a strain of coarse merriment and raillery. Such was the dawn, at once, of Roman literature, and the Roman drama. The drama of the Romans, formed on the model of the Greek stage, made rapid advances. Ennius, Plautus, Cæcilius, and Terence, the imitators of Menander, cultivated comedy; Actius and Pacuvius the tragic muse. The Roman drama bore an intimate resemblance to its Greek model, both in its character and its effects.

In England, before the time of Queen Elizabeth, various theatrical exhibitions were in vogue, but they were all of a low order. Masks, mummeries, and mysteries, were names applied to these shows, which were partly designed for amusement, and partly of a religious character, and encouraged and conducted by the priests. Of the latter class were the mysteries, as they were called, which were representations of some of the historical parts of the bible. Ben Johnson, however, and Shakspeare soon changed this Gothic aspect of the stage, and gave it a classical character. Until the time of Charles II. the female characters in plays had been awkwardly performed by boys in the dress of women; but now the influence of beautiful and talented women was added to the drama, which much increased its attraction.

We must, however, return a moment to notice the works of two Spanish authors of great note, who flourished at the close of the sixteenth century; I allude to Lope de Vega and Calderona, whose plays have been a rich mine for succeeding dramatists in England, France and Italy, and still continue to be the admiration of their countrymen.

The French drama, near the commencement of the eighteenth century, was remarkable for its regularity and classic polish, and, in general, for the purity of its morality. Corneille excels in the grand and the sublime, Racine in the tender and pathetic. I recollect no line in any other poet which embodies so much of the devoted spirit of chivalry as the

"Trop heureux de mourir pour ma belle princesse,"

of the latter author. The comedies of Moliere were particularly valuable, in the age in which they were written, and had a sensible effect in correcting its prevailing follies; the pedantry of the ladies, the ignorance and quackery of the physicians, and the *hauteur* of the French noblesse.

Of late years, the character of the theatre has not differed very materially in England, France and America. In some parts of Germany, the home of learning, the stage has possessed more of the character of a school of literature than in either of these countries. Around the German stage the literati of that country have assembled, rather to decide upon the merits of some new production of genius than upon the skill of the actors.

The candid observer, when even slightly glancing at the history of the stage, cannot be insensible to the great influence it has exerted in civilizing and refining the manners of the different people among whom it has been introduced. Literature has been enabled, by the drama, to extend its softening and benign influence where, but for the theatre, it would have been unknown and unfelt. In warlike ages, the nobility have been withdrawn from their rough pursuits, and the lower orders attracted from brutal diversions and sensual pleasures, and subjected to the mild influences of the fine arts. They have been introduced into the field of literature, and have been taught what mean refined sentiments and noble ideas. Poetry has been there, and music, and even history, and gracefulness in action and manners. The part which has been performed in religion by the pulpit, has been performed in literature by the stage. As multitudes have been enlightened by preaching, who, without it, would have been entirely unacquainted with religion, through the want of means or of inclination to inform themselves, so have many been initiated into literature, who, without the stage, would have remained entirely ignorant and illiterate.

A good example of the effects of the theatre, in this respect, is presented in the character of the lower orders of the Parisians at the present day. I have no doubt but that the refinement of manners, for which they are so noted, arises, in part, from this source. Travellers have remarked, with astonishment, an acquaintance with literature, with history, even with classic history, in those who were unable to read, utterly ignorant of the first rudiments of education in its common form; and have been surprised by their readiness at a *bon mot*, the delicate wit of their repartees, and the politeness of their manners. Indeed it is impossible that they should be brought, evening after evening, into the immediate society of their superiors in education and manners, without deriving improvement. If the lower classes are to be kept back from advancement in taste and manners, it must be done by keeping them at a distance from refined society, and confining them, exclusively, to intercourse with each other. Though whether this aristocratic notion of excluding inferiors from their society, and keeping them at a distance, exerts any influence, at the present day, in deterring the fashionable circles from frequenting the theatre as much as formerly, I will not pretend to determine.

There is no class of society which is not humanized and liberalized, in feelings and sentiments, by frequent and friendly intercourse. One great advantage derived from the weekly assembling together of people of all classes on the Sabbath, so universally practised throughout Christendom, an advantage secondary only to its religious influence, is the improvement in moral and social feelings. The high and the low, the rich and the poor meet together, and become sensible that, whatever earthly distinctions may exist, they are of the same race, and have a common origin. We are born to sympathise with each other in pleasure as well as in grief. The social feelings are improved where amusements are participated in common with our fellow men; the mind warms, and expands, and becomes sensible to pleasures unknown to him whose enjoyments are all solitary, who confines all his interest and happiness and concern to the narrow circle of his own family. The soul becomes liberalized and enlightened when mingling in the society of others, and particularly when sharing in their pleasures. While, on the contrary, in solitude the man becomes misanthropic, and selfish, contracted in his notions, and filled with narrow prejudices.

But it is not alone in promoting social enjoyments and in improving the social feelings that theatrical amusements are favorable to the moral character; they teach, too, and inculcate the sterner virtues. The theatre has been, in all ages, a warm incentive to many of the virtues, and a powerful preservative against many of the vices. "True tragedy," as has been well remarked, "is a serious lecture upon our duty, shorter than an epic poem and longer than a fable, otherwise differing from both, only in the method, which is dialogue instead of narration. Its province is to bring us in love with the more exalted virtues, and to create a detestation of the blacker and more enormous crimes; while comedy, by an insinuating mirth, laughs us out of our frailties by making us ashamed of them." Comedy favours the cause of virtue by turning vice and folly into ridicule; while her graver sister, tragedy, promotes the same object in a manner more stately and solemn. Indeed tragedy, to change the figure, has been justly represented as a moral picture, in which virtue appears to great advantage.

Those persons, then, are erroneous in their views, who reproach the drama as being only a source of amusement, and possessing no utility. But is the fact that the stage is productive of pleasure and amusement no argument in its favour? "How vain and frivolous," I have heard it contended, "are the pursuits of an actor by profession; a life spent in administering to the pleasure and amusement of mankind! How unworthy of a rational being!" For my part, whatever others may think, I do not deem so lightly of whatever promotes the enjoyment of my fellow men; whether you speak of it under the graver name of happiness, or the lighter denominations of pleasure and amusement. He who may have been able to afford a single hour of happiness to others, has not lived wholly in vain; while the man who has spent his whole life in laboring to contribute to their enjoyment has been, in my opinion, employed in an useful and honourable pursuit. His life has been far more useful than is the existence of many of the great and famous, the renowned warriors of the earth, its masters and rulers. Is happiness, in itself, a thing of but little consequence? or is it so easily obtained, and so abundant, in the present scene of things, as to be undervalued, that pleasure is spoken of in such disparaging terms? Our happiness seems to be the object of our creation; the desire of obtaining happiness is the motive of all our efforts and labours. What is liberty itself, but freedom to obtain enjoyment? In a state of bondage we should be kept back from some of the enjoyments which we might obtain when free from restraint, and therefore, we are ready to risk life itself rather than to be thus impeded in the pursuit of happiness. But it is only as opening to us the sources of pleasure, of enjoyment, of happiness, that liberty is valuable; but for this, liberty itself would be a barren and dreary possession, an empty name, unworthy of our toil and labour undergone in its acquisition, undeserving of our watchfulness and anxiety experienced in its preservation. Wealth and honour, the great objects of our exertions, are only valuable as the means of happiness. While, then, these instruments of enjoyment are considered worthy of such strenuous exertions, let not the direct enjoyments themselves be considered as of little value.

But possibly there may be some who will speak of pleasures not only as matters of little consequence, but as absolutely wrong; as displeasing to Heaven, who created man and other beings for enjoyment. Why, then, is not the fragrant and beautiful earth of a uniform colour and appearance? It could still support life. Why are not the wings of the gay and glittering insect of a dull and unvaried hue? They would still answer the purpose of flight. Why are not the notes of birds confined to hoarse calls for food, or to cries of pain? Why is the human countenance varied with a thousand expressions and emotions. Stamp it as with an iron visor. Why possesses the human form ease and gracefulness of motion? Bind it down as with iron mail. A single glance at the mild, and beautiful, and cheerful countenance of nature ought to teach a better philosophy.

But though pleasure in itself is valuable, is it so easily obtained, and so abundant, that it is therefore despised? For my part, there are too many disappointments and vexations in the present scene of things, and too much labour spent in vain, to allow me to speak lightly of a single hour's enjoyment.

But wherefore is this anxiety to deprive us of every amusement which possesses the least excitement, while even now, with the best of them, the difficulty is, not that they are too interesting, but that they are too dull? In these "piping times of peace," a man needs something to keep him from sinking into torpor and inactivity; while we are slumbering, time steals upon us rapidly and silently. He who but as yesterday was a child, finds himself, before he is aware, a man, approaching the scenes of active life with his intended preparation but half finished; in vain he may regret, in vain he may wish to linger a little longer, time presses him onward. Again awaking, as from a dream, he finds more than half his life already gone; his plans unaccomplished, nay hardly formed. Exclude not man, then, from every thing which can possibly excite life and animation; let him mingle in the dance, let him seek the drama. Perchance some noble sentiment, some strain of music, some inspiration read in the eye of a Siddons or a Kemble, may touch a responsive chord in his breast, and awaken him to recollection, that he may look around him and bethink himself whether any thing can be done for his own advantage or that of others, before the inevitable day is upon him, and the time is past. Soon or never.

I will only say, in conclusion, let those good men who now oppose the drama, unite with such friends of morality as advocate the stage in their efforts to improve its character, and the theatre will become, in a still higher degree than it is at present, what it is designed for, an interesting amusement, a school of literature, and a school of virtue.

THE PIRATE & THE CRUISER.

The wind had blown from the eastward for ten whole days, and the fleet which lay at anchor off Harwich were prevented from going to sea. Several of the crews were on shore anxiously waiting to see "blue Peter" flying at the mast-head; but they looked out in vain: the wind still kept them locked in.

The Dauntless was lying at the harbour's mouth, waiting for the first chance to get away, that she might drop down to Portsmouth previous to her leaving the British coast, as she was destined to go in pursuit of a desperate pirate named Gonsalvo, who had, under cover of the Spanish flag, greatly annoyed the merchant traders, robbing and murdering their crews, and destroying their ships. The crew of this vessel were not allowed to remain on shore, in order that they might be ready to put to sea the moment the wind would chop round in their favour.

One evening the crew were taking their grog below; one or two acquaintances had been admitted on board; and by way of keeping up the hilarity of the evening, Tom Pipes was called upon for a song. Tom, nothing loth, began to clear his voice ready for harmony; but Peter Doleful, one of the crew, rose up and protested against any singing—"because," said he, "the wind blows pretty stiff just now, and singing may increase it."

"Belay, belay!" cried Gunnel, the helmsman—"let's have none of your superstitious palaver now, old Peter; we never try to pass a merry hour or two, but what you attempt to throw a wet blanket over us."

"A song, a song!" roared some twenty voices, and Tom Pipes struck up, well aided by a powerful chorus:—

Blue Peter at the mast head flying,
Warns us to set sail again;
The pirate bold, our threats defying,
Scorning fear still ploughs the main.
But if once our guns should reach him,
Then his mettle shall be tried—
Grappled close we'll quickly teach him
Britons will not be defied!

Tom Pipes gave this in true sailor's style, and met with due applause from his hearers; but Peter Doleful sat with his arms folded, and although all his messmates were full of merriment, he scorned to join in it. "You sing about Blue Peter," said he, "but I'm afraid it will be a long time before you see him flying at the mast head."

"What ails you now, friend Peter?" asked Jack Junk—"what new maggot has got into your head?"

"It's no use gibing and jeering in that way, Master Junk," replied Peter Doleful—"I positively tell you we shall have no luck this voyage.—Here we have been at anchor in these roads for ten days, and here we are likely to remain, for the wind seems determined to set right in your teeth.—I remember when we were going to weigh from Yarmouth there were two cursed crows or ravens hovered over the vessel and pitched upon our topsail yards: that was a bad omen, you'll allow; and although we fired blank cartridges at them, they would not come down, till Tom Pipes fetched them down with a charge of small shot."

"But, friend Peter," said Junk, "I'm afraid you give way too much to these superstitious fancies; we have met with no ill fortune since we set sail, except, to be sure, that we have got windbound before we have cleared the British coast, but that's not a misfortune, it's more a matter of accident."

"Not a misfortune!" exclaimed Peter Doleful—"I think it is. Accidents are misfortunes an't they? What the devil's the difference between them! If you break your neck by accident, that's a misfortune a'n't it! So now, Mister Wiseacre, I should like to know what is the difference between accident and misfortune?"

"Why a great deal," replied Junk. "A man may find a sum of money by accident—that's no misfortune is it! A rich relation may die by accident, and leave one a fortune, that's no misfortune is it!"

"Stop there—bring to, Master Junk; you upset your own tactics there. I grant that the accident is no misfortune to him that obtains the property; but don't mean to say that the accident is no misfortune to the person who is killed by it. No, no, Master Junk—if you attempt to sail on that tack, you are sure to go to leeward. I ain't superstitious, but although you and the rest of the crew may sneer at it, be assured that there are omens and forewarnings of what is about to happen: as for instance, recollect the very day we were preparing to sail, didn't that old tom-cat scratch under his left ear, just before we left the George and Dragon; and when I said it foreboded ill-luck, you all laughed at me; but I was right: for poor Tom Jigger who had carried too much sail aloft, lost his bearing as he was stepping aboard, pitched into the water, and was drowned; that was an accident, and I suppose you'll allow it to be a misfortune. Don't you remember when the owners in London paid Jack White, the boatswain's mate, with a check, and because we were in a hurry, he held it to the fire to dry; and didn't I say, 'Jack White, you should never dry writing by the fire, because it's unlucky: you all laughed at me then; but I was right: for Jack White had the flaps of his flushing coat cut off, and pockets, check, money, and all were grabbled by some land pirate, as he was on his way to the bankers, and there he went full sail down Cornhill, like a vessel that had lost her mizen: that was an accident and misfortune too, or the devil's in it!"

Jack Junk gave up the argument; he declared Peter to be incorrigible, and therefore left him to pursue his own course. Their visitors took leave, and went ashore; the night watch was set, and Peter Doleful retired to his hammock, to ponder on future untoward events.

Brazio de Hiero was a most notorious pirate, who with twenty daring associates ravaged the seas.—The most tempting rewards were offered for his capture either dead or alive; but all attempts had hitherto proved fruitless. He was no common depredator, but had descended from a noble family; his youthful days, however, had been improperly spent: he had associated with designing young cavaliers who frequented the gaming table, and this planted the seed of his future misfortunes. He had been affianced to a lady of considerable attractions, and their union was shortly to take place; he had, however, squandered away so much money, and so encumbered his estate by gaming and extravagance, that he found his finances fall so short of what had been anticipated by the lady's parents, that he felt ashamed to meet them until he had in some degree repaired his fallen fortune. In consequence of this the day of their union had from time to time been delayed; until at last the day was irrevocably fixed, and no excuse was left for further procrastination. He consulted with his companions what was best to be done; the result of their conference was, that one more attempt should be made at the gaming-table, but not on the uncertain chance by which their former play had been guided: loaded dice were now to be used, and other desperate means resorted to. Fortune at this seemed to favour him, and he left the gaming-house with a heavy sum of money. He was overjoyed with his good fortune, and inwardly chuckled at the unfortunate dupes he had plundered. The day of his nuptials approached, and he now felt none of those terrors or fears of exposure which but a few days since had threatened him. He purchased a splendid equipage, his mansion was furnished like a palace, and he now seemed to defy the further frowns of fortune; but never once did he listen to the voice of conscience, which told him he had purchased grandeur and riches by treacherous and dishonest means.

The day at length arrived. Brazio de Hiero, arrayed in the most costly habiliments, entered his carriage: it rolled on swiftly, and soon reached the mansion of Isidora. The servants attended at the door of the carriage; he descended the steps: the morning was beautifully serene, and he determined to take a circuit through the garden instead of entering the house at once. He had already advanced down an avenue thickly planted on each side, when a man suddenly started from behind a statue, and stood before him; his cloak was raised so high as nearly to cover his face. "Signor," said the stranger, "before you enter the mansion I must have a few words with you."

"You!" exclaimed Brazio—"a perfect stranger! what can be your motive?"

"I'm no stranger, but your accomplice in villany!" replied the intruder, as he uncovered his face.

"Juan de Alva!" exclaimed Brazio.

"The same," answered Juan.

"Speak quickly, Juan," said Brazio—"what can occasion this interruption?—be brief, for my absence at such a moment may cause suspicion, and ruin my expectations."

"Thus then it is," said Juan: "Fortune has not been so propitious to me as to yourself. Not satisfied with the sums I gained on the night we played with loaded dice, I went once more to the gaming-table, and took with me what I supposed to be loaded dice: but the demon had deserted me—I had by mistake taken proper dice instead of loaded ones. Not being aware of the error I had committed, I staked heavily; I lost at every throw, and left the gaming-table without a single sequin to help myself. I rushed into the street almost frantic; I knew not where to fly for succour, until I casually heard a party talking of your intended marriage; this reminded me of you, and I come to ask your aid."

Brazio was surprised and chagrined. "What would you have me do?" said he. "You, who can fool away a fortune in a few hours, would find the trifling aid which I could afford of little benefit."

"Trifling aid!" exclaimed Juan, as he darted a furious look on Brazio—"Do you think I come to supplicate like a poor beggar?—No, in this respect I command! Either give me a part of your ill-gotten wealth this instant, or, ere another hour passes, your greatness shall crumble into mere nothingness!"

"What mean you?" exclaimed Brazio.

"To confess my participation in the late gambling affair, when we played with loaded dice," replied Juan; "to expose you, and——"

"Hush!" exclaimed Brazio—"not so loud! Here is my purse—it is full of reals; take it, and quickly leave me; if we are seen together, it may be the ruin of us both."

Voices were heard; and Juan not wishing to be seen in his present disordered state, quitted Brazio, saying, "I leave you now, but we shall shortly meet again." The voices sounded nearer, and several servants who had been in quest of Brazio approached, and informed him he was waited for at the mansion. He followed them and was conducted into the presence of Donna Isidora and her father, surrounded by many noble guests, before whom the marriage ceremony was performed.

The Dauntless lay at Harwich two days longer, when the wind veered round to the N. W. and she put to sea. A tide took them through the Sweyn, and they came to anchor for a short time in Dover roads. Next morning the wind was favourable for running through the Channel, and the Dauntless cut through the water gaily. The crew were congratulating themselves on the favourable weather which they now experienced, when they observed Peter Doleful coming slowly towards them, with his usual countenance. "Well, Peter, how fare you, old chap?" said Tom Pipes—"Fine breeze of wind right aft—canvass well filled—going at the rate of ten knots—soon see the Atlantic, eh?"

"I wish we may," replied Peter, with his usual doubtful look—"I wish we may; but I fear the wind won't last long in this quarter."

"What, more omens?" said Jack Tompson with a leer.

"Yes, more omens," returned Peter, with a look of rebuke. "That d—d cargo of pigs will spoil all. If the Captain couldn't dine without pork at his table, why couldn't he have it ready killed.—Pigs at best of times are not lucky. Now only look at that ugly porker with his nose pointed right ahead. What do you suppose he is looking at so intently?"

"By my shoul I can't tell," replied Pat Larkins, the carpenter.

"Ah, you ignorant lubber, I thought so," replied Peter. "He's looking at the wind to be sure; he sees it plain enough—wind right ahead; we shall have it slap in our teeth before two hours are over."

The crew laughed at Peter's prophecy; but it was not quite such a hearty laugh as was the general custom. That pigs see wind was not altogether disbelieved, and that the pig's snout was pointed right ahead was beyond a doubt. Hour after hour succeeded, but the wind still kept aft.—Evening came, wind still favorable. Peter and several of the crew had gone below to get their grog. Pat Larkins, who smarted under Peter's rebuke, couldn't forbear having a fling at him. "Where's the wind now?" roared Pat with a laugh, and a mischievous glance of the eye.

"In the north," replied Peter drily.

"And the pig's nose to the south?" exclaimed Pat—"Blood and turf, it's impossible, man! How can the pig keep his nose to the south, and see the wind from the north—unless to be sure he might squint a small tride?"

Peter looked mysterious, and with a solemn countenance disdainfully eyed Pat Larkins as he said, "What can you expect from an Irishman but a blunder! Now, to show you that you have no more brains than our sternpost, I'll just explain matters a little. I have been at sea many years, and have always paid strict attention to signs of changes of weather, and such like prognostications; and that a pig sees wind is more than all your philosophers and astrology chaps can contradict. This pig of ours, as you all know, pointed due south, and we should have had the wind from that quarter in less than two hours, had it not been for a scheme which fortunately entered my head at the moment."

"And what scheme was that?" inquired Pat.

"Why," said Peter, "I lifted the pig in my arms, and turned him right round with his nose to the northward."

Pat and the crew burst into a loud fit of laughter. "Ay, ay, laugh away," cried Peter with a sneer: "but, depend upon it, if it had not been for this expedient, we should have been blown back a hundred miles by daybreak. And you, Mister Pat Larkins—you're a pretty lubber to go to attempt to overhaul my grammatics and my learning, an't you!—what a pretty mess you made of it when our vessel was new rigged, and we were so pestered with company that the Captain was obliged to excuse himself from allowing any more strangers aboard till we got out of harbour, a pretty bull you made of it then sure enough."

"The devil a bit of bull was there about it, Mister Peter," said Pat; "but I gave a clane, dacent, off hand answer to a plain question, as my messmates here shall decide: Our ship lay alongside the pier; all the crew were on shore except the Captain, myself, and the Mate. The Captain and Mate were down below, overhauling a chart, and I remained on deck to give answers to any inquiries. Presently there comes a great big gentleman with his head as thickly powdered as if Katty Maloney had emptied her flour-tub over him. 'I want to come on board, and see the ship,' says he. 'You can't do that thing just now,' says I. 'And why not?' says he. 'Because there's nobody aboard but the Captain, and he's just gone ashore,' says I. Now where's the bull in that, messmates?"

A roar of laughter followed; and the crew promised themselves a good cargo of mirth as long as they could set Peter and the Irishman foul of each other.

Plymouth Sound was now but a few miles distant; and they brought up in order to take on board two military officers who wished to accompany the Captain to whom they were related. They shortly set sail again. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze from N. N. E.; Peter was at the helm; they were running a narrow channel, sounding; and Peter knew the extreme attention was necessary, on account of the number of shoals which were close to them. One of the officers was standing near the binnacle carelessly looking round, while he was whistling 'Rule Brittannia.' Peter looked at him once or twice with a countenance somewhat tinged with dissatisfaction, till, not able to contain himself any longer, he turned to him saying, "Don't whistle, if you please, Sir."

"Not whistle!" ejaculated the officer—"My good fellow, what harm can there be in whistling?"

"Perhaps a great deal just now," replied Peter.

"That's odd," observed the officer: "you must be a very extraordinary being; not two hours since you were whistling yourself."

"Ay, that may be," replied Peter; "but we had no wind at that time, but now we have got more than we want."

"What!" said the officer, "has whistling any influence over the wind?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied Peter, with a grave and somewhat consequential gesture. "*Never whistle when it blows hard;* but whenever you you are becalmed, *you may whistle for a wind if you like.*"

The officer smiled, turned on his heel, and went down to the cabin, leaving Peter to deal with the rising wind in what manner he might think most proper.

The nuptial guests at the mansion of Donna Isidora partook of a splendid banquet after the marriage ceremony, and it was late ere the festivities of the evening concluded. The new-married pair entered Brazio's carriage, and returned to his mansion. The next morning Isidora's father visited them, and put Brazio into possession of the fortune which he had promised to bestow on the marriage of his daughter. About a month after that period, one evening when Brazio was about to retire for the night, a servant entered, and informed him that a stranger who declined to give his name, desired to see him instantly. Brazio turned pale; the hour was late;—could it be another of the gamblers come to exact further aid;—he knew not what to think. At first he thought of refusing to see him; but a moment's reflection told him that would be an act of cowardice, and this was a moment when nothing but bold measures would suit him. He descended to an apartment adjoining the hall; he entered; Juan was seated there. Brazio gazed at him with surprise. "What now!" said he—"Did I not give you the aid you required?—why would you trouble me further?"

"Signor Brazio," replied Juan, with a kind of ceremoniousness, "I do not understand you; I had expected you would have given a more friendly welcome to one so deeply interested in your fortune; but as you appear impatient, I will at once explain the cause of my visit. You cannot have forgotten the success which attended us at the gaming table, when you made use of the loaded dice; we laughed heartily at the dupes whom we had defrauded, and little dreamt that we should be discovered."

"Discovered!" ejaculated Brazio.

"Ay, discovered," rejoined Juan. "You look agitated—your countenance turns pale; but you need not fear at present; your safety depends upon your own conduct. Now mark me—it has been discovered that you were the person who introduced the loaded dice, and this very evening you would have had a visit from some of those unfortunates who were pillaged. I could not, however help feeling for your situation: I called to mind that you had just been united to a young and amiable wife, while I had neither wife nor children to sympathize at any misfortune which might befall me; I therefore made up my mind to become a victim to friendship, and save you from disgrace: I denied that you had any knowledge of the dice being loaded; and with a great deal of humility and apparent sorrow, have confessed that I was the guilty person."

"Generous friend," exclaimed Brazio, "such a noble sacrifice shall not go unrewarded."

"I do not intend to go unrewarded," replied Juan significantly; "and that is the occasion of my present visit. In order to save time I have drawn up a paper; all you have to do is to sign it, and our business settled at once."

"What is the purport of this paper?" inquired Brazio.

"It simply acknowledges certain obligations due to me; consideration of which you agree to assign over your present estate to me."

"Monster!" exclaimed Brazio furiously. "Sooner would I beg my bread from door to door; rather be condemned to the galleys, than stoop to such conditions."

"Do not be in a passion, Signor Brazio," replied Juan; "I am cool you perceive. You do not choose to sign the paper—well, you shall have your wish, and before I will use my interest to have you sent to the galleys. Good evening, Signor. I shall not trouble you with another visit. There are twelve more of our associates in villainy that would be glad to see you—I will give them your address, perhaps they will meet with better success than I have—at any rate it would be worth a trial." Juan advanced towards the door.

"Villain, miscreant!" exclaimed Brazio, as he drew his sword—"think not I will suffer you to escape my just vengeance—your life is in my power at this moment——"

"Hush, hush, Signor Brazio," said Juan—"Keep your temper as I do. Your sword is certainly a sharp argument, but I have two friends at hand, the sound of whose voice will ring your funeral knell."

With these words he drew forth a brace of pistols pointed them at Brazio. The two desperadoes eyed each other—it was a picture after nature—it was tigers measuring the strength of each other's power. Each stood on the defensive. At length Juan broke silence: "Brazio," said he, "you are too cautious to place my life in jeopardy; I know you well; and I feel assured you are not to be over particular as to the method of silencing friends who know too much of your affairs; sign this paper, else this moment I will denounce you to the alcade. For myself I care not, I would even ascend the scaffold, provided I should have you for a companion. I bear about me a letter addressed to Alvarez, detailing all the mal-practices of which we have been guilty; he would of course take immediate measures for your apprehension: you are well aware that he is not friendly towards you, since you have been his successful rival having gained the hand and fortune of Donna Isidora."

"Leave me, leave me!" exclaimed Brazio—"Another time we will arrange this matter."

"No time like the present," replied Juan—"I cannot depart without that paper. Your signature, Signor, your signature. Time grows short; choose then between the alternative—either accede to my demand, or be for ever disgraced."

"May all the direst plagues that ever cursed the earth wait on thee, thou devil!" exclaimed Brazio, as he took up the pen.

"Your signature," again exclaimed Juan, as he pointed to the paper with a demoniac grin, "or your servants shall be the first to learn the true character of the man whom they serve."

Brazio, trembling with frenzied agitation, hastily signed the paper, then started up, and advancing towards the door, exclaimed, "Wretch, begone, and let me see you more!"

"Signor, you shall have your wish," replied Juan as he coolly folded up the paper. "Should any future time want the aid of your purse, I will not come myself, I will send Alvarez—my Alvarez—Alvarez, your rival." With these words he rushed into the street and instantly disappeared.

Brazio sent all the servants to rest, and rushing into his private chamber, loaded a brace of pistols, throwing his cloak over his shoulders, quitted the mansion by a door which opened to the garden at the back, by which means he hoped to overtake Juan and wreak his vengeance on him. From the moment he had been compelled to sign the paper he had come to a resolution that Juan should not live to reap the benefits of it. Brazio was fully aware of the danger that attended his murderous project. He knew the power which the relatives of Juan possessed in Spain, as well as the danger of embroiling himself with his old associates, and he therefore determined to sacrifice his victim secretly. Juan had also acted with some discretion, or at least with a determination that Brazio should not escape if he assassinated him, for he had given a letter to his servant with strict orders to present it to Alvarez should he not return home at midnight. The contents of this letter would state that if he should not see him within an hour, he might conclude he had been assassinated by Brazio.

It was near midnight when Brazio reached the strada. He listened for awhile, all was quiet; he proceeded a little further—he paused—a footstep was heard at some distance; he retired behind the pillar of a portico near at hand; the footsteps approached—it was Juan.

"Perish, most execrable villain!" exclaimed Brazio, as he fired his pistol at his head. Juan reeled and fell. Brazio instantly tore upon the vest, and triumphantly plucked from thence the paper which Juan had last evening forced him to sign. The report of the pistol had alarmed some of the inhabitants; and Brazio knowing that his safety depended on his reaching home before his absence could be noticed, snatched up the pistol and hurried away. He reached the garden-gate, through which he passed unobserved, proceeded to the chamber, replaced his cloak and pistols, and retired to his room without any of the servants being aware that he had been from home.

Juan having failed to return home at midnight, his servants delivered the letter to Alvarez. Two hours had passed, and accordingly, he, with a party, set out in search of him. They observed several people gathered round a wounded man. They approached, and, to their surprise and horror, beheld the corpse of Juan. They loudly exclaimed against Brazio, whom they designated as his murderer. One man among them, who had the appearance of a mariner, had picked up the pistol which lay near the body; and hearing the name of Brazio, seemed to recognise it.

"Brazio!" exclaimed he. "Surely I know that name."

At the instant Alvarez and his party would have proceeded in a body to Brazio's house, but were restrained by the mariner.

"Don't be so hasty," said he: "this affair seems to be wrapt in mystery, and it may be difficult to fix the charge of murder on Brazio. I know him; let me go to him alone, and I shall, perhaps, be able to elicit enough to criminate him."

Alvarez and his friends agreed to this, and Ovieda (that was the mariner's name) arrived at the mansion of Brazio next morning, and, with some difficulty obtained an interview. When Brazio entered the chamber, his countenance was pale and haggard, his step faltered, and his eye glanced keenly but fearfully on Ovieda.

"Friend Brazio," said the mariner, "you do not seem to recollect me. Have you quite forgotten your old acquaintance Ovieda?"

Brazio drew back in horror.

"Nay," continued Ovieda, "you have nothing to fear from me. I trouble myself little about land affairs now. It is full ten years since I have been on *terra firma*. I have made the sea my residence: I have as fine a vessel as ever stemmed the wave, and I mean to live and die in her. But my time is short; I must be on board again before night. I have come to warn you of a danger, and teach you how to avoid it." He paused and looked around. "Are we alone? Are there any listeners?"

"No," replied Brazio. "Speak low, and no one can overhear you."

"Listen then," said Ovieda.—"Juan has been murdered, and suspicion points at you."

"At me!" exclaimed Brazio, in agitation. "My servants can bear witness that I did not leave the house the whole evening."

"I dare say they will," rejoined Ovieda; "but there is one circumstance which you will find it difficult to get over. This pistol, which has been recently discharged, and which laid near the body of the murdered man, bears a handsome silver plate, on which your name is engraved."

Brazio stood motionless. Ovieda had, indeed, spoken truly; for at the moment he took the papers from the open vest of Juan, his pistols fell out, and the night being dark, he had, by mistake, taken one of Juan's pistols, and left his own in its stead.

"Signor Brazio," said Oveida, "you see I know the whole of the matter, and I am the only one who can fix the murder on you. Come, I will not be unreasonable. I don't want to see you mount the scaffold through my means, nor can I suffer such a golden opportunity as this to escape. You are rich. Share your purse with me,—as I have formerly done with you,—and, for the present, I will conceal you from your enemies. Alvarez would give his head and ears to be master of the evidence which I possess. He would gladly agree to give ten thousand piastres to bring you to the scaffold. Now, I will save you for half that sum——But time passes quickly! Put on your cloak and hat, and accompany me to my lodgings; and, in the interim, I will make inquiries whether Juan still lives, as also whether he has declared the name of his assassin."

Brazio hastily threw his cloak over him, and followed Ovieda to his lodging by the sea-shore. The artful Ovieda cared not a straw if Brazio and the whole of his associates swung together at one gibbet, so that he was the gainer by it; and now he saw a chance of turning this to double profit. He sought out Alvarez, and told him that he had obtained sufficient evidence to criminate Brazio, but that he would not breathe a sentence of it until he could disburse five thousand piastres.

Alvarez was astonished at the demand, and refused to accede. "Fool," said he to Ovieda, "do you forget that I have nothing more to do than to get some Alguazils, and go and seize on the assassin, and bring him to justice."

"True," replied Ovieda; "but *where* will you go to look for him?"

"Where but at his own house?" replied Alvarez.

Ovieda smiled. "Tut, tut, Signor," said he, "no man will wait while the halter comes to him. Brazio is too good a judge to remain at home until the officers go to fetch him."

"Where then must I seek him?" inquired Alvarez.

"Wherever you please," replied Ovieda, with a sarcastic grin; "but when you can pay liberally for the information, send for me, and I may tell you." So saying, Ovieda quitted Alvarez. He was enraged at his obstinacy, and from that moment resolved to compass his destruction. He therefore, returned to practise on the credulity of Brazio. Juan had died within a few minutes after he had been shot, without uttering a sentence; but Oveida kept that a secret from Brazio, in order to suit his own purpose. "Bad news," exclaimed he, as he entered the apartment where Brazio was anxiously waiting his arrival. "Juan still lives, and has accused you of attempting his murder. The magistrates are at this moment taking his depositions, because the physicians declare he cannot survive four-and-twenty hours. You will not be safe here twelve hours longer: at nightfall, therefore, you must take advantage of the darkness, and remove to a place of great safety. But it will be necessary to have money; I have but little on shore. You had better, therefore, give me an authority to receive some before it is too late; for, in less than an hour, Alvarez, with the Alguazils, will go to take possession of your effects."

"He shall not survive that hour," exclaimed Brazio. He seized Ovieda's pistols, and rushed into the street, and, covering his face with his cloak, hastened towards his mansion, which he entered by the garden-door. He listened a moment. He heard the voice of Isidora: she was beseeching them not to take her from the house. He heard a voice in reply; the words were,—"Strive to forget the assassin Brazio, and become mine." It was the voice of Alvarez. Brazio instantly burst open the chamber-door—Alvarez was kneeling to Isidora, declaring his passion—an instant more, and he ceased to live. The ball from Brazio's pistol had entered his heart, and he fell lifeless. The report of the pistol alarmed the servants; Brazio, fearing even the presence of his own domestics, threw up the window, and leaping into the garden, was instantly out of sight.

The father of Isidora had been informed of the mal-practices of Brazio, and had arrived at the mansion with a party of Alguazils, intending to seize him; but he was too late. Brazio was no where to be found.

Ovieda had never lost sight of the main chance, and, in the hurry and bustle, had managed to get into the house, and laid his hand upon whatever was valuable that he could hide under his cloak. He had managed to secure a casket of jewels, and two bags containing some thousands of piastres, with which he got clear off. He stopped to rest his head when he reached a sequestered part, thickly planted on each side. Suddenly he heard a rustling among the foliage behind him. A man darted forth: it was Brazio! Surprise possessed the features of both.

"Where the devil did you spring from?" inquired Ovieda.

Brazio, agitated, exclaimed—"I have been obliged to fly from my own house; it is filled with enemies. What am I now?—a proscribed murderer. My property seized; my estate confiscated, and a price set on my head. What land will now give me shelter?"

"No land at all," rejoined Ovieda. "You must give up your *land* freaks, and take to the *water*. It's better to run the chance of being *drowned* than being *hanged*. You are not quite a beggar yet, however; but you may thank my intrepidity for that. Look! here is a casket of jewels worth more than a trifle; here's a couple of bags of piastres, and cursed heavy I found them, too; and here are some bank papers, made payable to you,—wanting nothing but your signature. They are good in any part of Spain, therefore we must give them a good spread of canvass, and get them passed at some distant port before the news of your disaster gets known abroad. I've a devilish clever fellow abroad that does our exchange business."

Brazio listened to Ovieda with a vacant stare, and hardly seemed to notice what he said, for the events of the last two days had confounded him.

"Come, friend Brazio," continued Ovieda, "night is drawing on, and I must get abroad soon; so make up your mind. You are no longer safe in Spain; matters are now too bad to be worse, therefore, cheer up, and make the best of a bad bargain. I am master of as fine a little vessel as ever doubled the coast of Spain. Come with me: your fortunes shall be mine. We'll join partnership. Give me your gold, and you keep the money that shall be paid for your bank bills. That's fair and even on both sides. Come on board with me, and you shall live a free and merry life; and if you don't like our ways, why you can return on shore to be hanged if you prefer it."

Brazio raised his clenched hand, and emphatically vowed eternal enmity to his fellow-men.

"There's my hand upon it," exclaimed he, as he grasped Ovieda's outstretched hand. "I am yours: do with me as you will."

"That's well spoken," said Ovieda. "Now give me a helping hand with these bags. Our boat lies just behind yon rock, not half a mile hence: we'll soon be on board our little vessel. You can just see the tops of her masts peeping over that promontory, as much as to say,—'Come along; I'm waiting for you.' The moon will be up in two hours, and, as darkness is more convenient for my business, I shall take the liberty of leaving *terra firma* a couple of leagues astern of us before the moon is up."

They lifted up the bags of gold and jewels, entered the boat; and were soon on board the vessel. They weighed anchor instantly, and, when they had sailed about two leagues from the shore, Brazio beheld several additions to the crew, which appeared to consist of all nations; and when Ovieda came on deck after a short absence, his dress was materially altered. He wore a large fur cap with a death's head on its front, a huge cutlass, and four pistols. All merchandise was lowered into the hold, and in their place appeared small carronades. The men also were busy in arming themselves. Mulattos—blacks—all seemed to form a commonwealth. Brazio seemed at a loss to guess the cause of this metamorphosis, when Ovieda, observing his surprise, thus accosted him:

"Friend Brazio,—for so I must now term you,—your surprise is but natural. You thought us a merchant or trading vessel. No such thing: we are a set of free fellows, and we don't mind making free with any valuable cargo that falls in our way. We are pretty well known, for we have kicked up some brisk freaks among the merchant traders, and our name has got into vogue. You have, doubtless, heard of the daring pirate *Gonsalvo*? Well, I am he! Now you know the whole of the matter. If you don't like to remain on board, we'll put you ashore the first time we touch land. If you consent to remain, you shall rank equal with me."

Brazio resolved to remain on board, and, abjuring all thoughts of ever rejoining society, made up his mind to live and die a pirate.

The British ship Dauntless left Falmouth, and was soon on the broad Atlantic. They crossed the Bay of Biscay with a good breeze off the land, the weather was mild, and the seamen found their work comparatively light.

One day, about two P. M. the man on the look-out gave notice of a vessel a-head, under a press of canvass, and, from the description, the captain supposed her to be the pirate Gonsalvo. She came boldly on with Spanish colours flying at her mast-head.

"If she is a pirate," exclaimed the captain, "she has the impudence of the devil. Keep your ports closed; I think she mistakes us for a merchantman."

The strange sail approached, lowered her Spanish colours, and hoisted a red flag, with a sword and death's head. She was a capital sailer, and sailed completely round the British Cruiser.

"Damn her impudence!" said the captain. "Up with your ports, and give her pepper."

But the pepper came too late. She flew before the wind as swift as an arrow, and the British ship lost her for that day.

"There," said Peter, "did you ever see such an evasive little devil as that in your life?"

"Why, as to that matter, Master Peter," replied Junk, "I don't exactly know the true bearing of that 'ere word *vasive*, as you calls it."

"Och bother!" exclaimed Pat Larkins; "sure and every body knows what evasive means."

"Hush, hush!" interrupted Peter, "don't let's have any more blunders. How can an Irishman explain a word as is only to be found in the most learned dictionaries?"

"And sure, Mister Peter, will you be afther telling me I don't know the meaning of *evasive*?" cried Pat. "Now, messmates, only listen awhile, and I'll tell you how nately I handled that word evasive.

"We had just got all our new rigging complete, and our sails were all unbent, and we lay at anchor in the roads, and the captain determined to sail next morning. Our beautiful new canvass looked so neat and clean from the shore, that boats full of fine gentlemen and ladies were coming on board every hour to see the ship. Och, and didn't I take care to hand the sweet creature aboard genteelly! Och sure, I was as busy as the devil in a high wind. Five o'clock came, and the captain said he must have no more visitors aboard, else we should not be ready to sail in the morning, as it hindered the men from their work. And sure, as I looked towards the shore, I saw another boat full of ladies coming off. So the captain says to me, 'Paddy Larkins,' says he, 'if those ladies come alongside, and want to see the ship, you must give them an *evasive answer*, and get rid of them as well as you can; and I'll go down below and wait till they're gone.' And sure enough he went below, and then the boat full of ladies came alongside and they ax'd for the captain, and I gave them an evasive answer, and they went away with it a devilish deal quicker than they came; and the captain popped up his head, and said—'Pat, are they gone?' 'Yes, they are, your Honour,' says I. 'What did they say?' says he. 'They ax'd for your Honour,' says I, 'but I gave them an evasive answer.' 'What did you tell them?' said the captain. 'I said your Honour was gone.' 'Gone where?' says he. 'Gone to blazes,' says I, 'and you may go after him if you plaise.' Now, wasn't that an evasive answer, Mr. Peter?"

"Well," said Peter, "after that, I think, you may shut your mouth, for you'll never beat that as long as you live."

"Sail a head!" called a voice above.

The captain took his glass. "It's the same vessel again!" said he. "We'll try for her this time, boys. The breeze is steady, and getting pretty stiff. We shall get her within range presently."

The breeze increased to a gale. The Dauntless spread her canvass kindly to it, and she ran ten knots. The pirate was on a tack; but as soon as she went about, the Dauntless gave her a broadside, which made her rather groggy; but she picked up well. The Dauntless tacked, and gave her another broadside. Her topmast went down, and there suddenly appeared great confusion on board of her. The Dauntless gained upon her. The pirate was disabled, and seemed to make no way.

"There's some mischief among them," said the captain. And he was right, as the sequel will show.

The shot fired from the Dauntless had caused sad havoc. Ovieda had been mortally wounded. He was lifted on to a sail-cloth: he beckoned Brazio to approach, and bid the crew leave them a few moments.

"Friend Brazio," said he, "my time is come, and a short hour will close my career in this world. Our vessel is crippled, and cannot escape from her pursuers. On either side death is certain. Yet I cannot bear the thoughts of my brave crew being strung up to the yard-arm like so many rabbits. You are a bold man and courted death like a hero since you have been on ship-board. It now remains for you to achieve but one more act of bravery to save us from disgrace. Hark ye! Our powder-magazine is well stored. Your hand may accomplish the deed, and the pirate's crew will die as they have lived,—like bold and desperate spirits."

Brazio grasped his hand. "By hell, I'll do it!" exclaimed he, as he grasped the lanthern.

Another shot struck Ovieda, and his lifeless body rolled on the deck. The pirates, driven to desperation, flew to their guns once more. The British ship rapidly gained upon them. A vivid light was seen on board the pirate's ship. Brazio had kept his promise: he had set the ship on fire! A cry of horror was heard among the lawless crew—a minute elapsed—a tremendous explosion took place; and, when the smoke cleared away, not a vestige remained of the pirate's vessel or his daring crew.

SUNDAY READINGS.

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

REFLECTIONS IN FRIENDS' MEETING.

By one not in profession with that Society.

Eternal mind! Great source of love!
Who form'd and know'st the soul of man,
Beyond all thought—all height above—
Whose wisdom angels cannot scan.
Seraphs before Thy throne adore:—
Seraphs to Thee, their voices raise:—
Lord to thee, too, our minds would soar,
But feeble are our best essays.
Spirit of love! to thee we fly—
On Thee our brightest prospects rest—
Silent, and low in dust we lie—
Silence and care become us best.
Silence and thought the mind improve—
They kindle joy in pious hearts;—
On them descends the "Heavenly Dove,"
And every Christian grace imparts.
To Heaven, in *Silence*, we look up;
Our heart felt prayers, in *Silence* raise,—
Come, *Silence*! muse of pious hope,—
Come muse the great Redeemer's praise.

C. B. B.

BROKEN-HEARTED, WEEP NO MORE.

Broken-hearted, weep no more!
Hear what comfort He hath spoken,
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quench'd,
Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken:—
"Ye who wander here below,
Heavy laden as you go,
Come, with grief, with sin oppress'd,
Come to me, and be at rest!"

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,
Brought again from sin and straying,
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice—
'Tis a true and faithful saying:—
"Greater love how can there be
Than to yield up life for thee?
Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh,
Turn and live!—why will ye die?"

Broken-hearted, weep no more!
Far from consolation flying;
He who calls hath felt thy wound,
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing:—
"Bring thy broken heart to me;
Welcome offering it shall be;
Streaming tears, and bursting sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice."

Anonymous.

RESURRECTION.

"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." Such is the declaration of our blessed Lord, and it leads us to consider a most glorious and solemn subject. If we regard the power of God, it is not incredible that he should raise the dead: and if we regard his truth it is certain that he will raise them.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that He "shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." I will perplex myself with no vain speculations: I know but little of the human body; of its materials, and of its wonderful and fearful make: the more I reflect, the more I am a mystery to myself.

Man will go down to the grave, and he will rise again. O what a solemn and glorious day, when the purpose of God respecting our race upon earth shall be completed; when the voice of the trumpet shall be heard through creation, and the dead shall hear its summons and come forth; and when we all shall see the morning of eternity! The kingdom of grace now merges and is lost in the kingdom of glory.

What a day of anguish will this be to the ungodly! In the time of their probation they refused divine mercy: and when the season of retribution arrives, they rise to "shame and everlasting contempt." But how glorious will this day be to the faithful servants of Christ! They stand before their approving Judge, and are received into celestial habitations.

Who can declare the blessedness of the righteous! Here they have a body of infirmity; here they are defiled with sin. Disease, and pain, and weariness, and sorrow, are their portion on earth. The flesh is an enemy to the soul: at the best it is an impediment to all its nobler workings; and it is our duty to keep it in subjection.

But when they rise in the last day, they rise spiritual bodies. I cannot know at present what these are; but the words of Scripture are clear—"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. The raised body will be immortal, pure, the fit abode, through eternal ages, of a redeemed, sanctified, and exalted soul; it will be capable of enjoying the glory and felicity of heaven in the presence of God.

Here I may rest with unshaken faith. In the risen Saviour I see the pledge and pattern of my own resurrection. He descended into the grave; and we shall descend into it. He did not see corruption: but this we shall see. He rose again: and we shall be raised by His power, and shall then be with Him for ever. Such is the prospect that lies before His true followers.

How painful is the hour of death! How dark are the chambers of the grave! Thus I exclaim; and feelings of sadness and alarm rush upon my anxious breast. Where is light? Where is consolation? They are found in these words of Scripture.—"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Thou, O Saviour, who hast tasted the bitter cup, wilt not forsake me in death: and when the appointed time shall arrive, Thou wilt bid my slumbering ashes to quit the prison of the grave.

O my Soul! often think of that day when thou shalt see the Lord Jesus as the Judge of all mankind: and in the anticipation of it, be it thy prayer that thou mayest "know Him and the power of his resurrection." Be it thy study to live here as one who shall stand before His tribunal, and give an account of thyself to Him. Always remember, that the spiritual resurrection of grace here is essential to the resurrection to glory in the last day.

Look often forward, O my soul, to the morning of the resurrection: and let the remembrance of it inspire thee with peace and joy among the confusion and sorrow of the present state: let it increase thy love to Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life;" and let it urge thee to decision and diligence in the cultivation of all that fits thee to stand before Him at his appearing.

O glorious Morning—the Morning of Eternity! The ills of time will then be forgotten, as though they had never been. Then frail mortality will be swallowed up of life; and henceforth nothing will be known, seen, and felt, but immortality, and blessedness, and heaven. How delightful the thought! How rapturous the prospect!

But let me carefully attend, for this is the point of true wisdom, to the plain and practical improvement of the subject; giving all diligence to "perfect holiness in the fear of God:" holiness both of body and soul: holiness in all my purposes and proceedings; fully persuaded that he will hail most joyfully the day of the resurrection, who dies most completely to sin, and who rises highest into the light of truth and into the life of holiness.

O glorious and blessed God, grant, that by thy word and Holy Spirit, I may truly know thy Son Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; that, being here a partaker of Him, and following Him in faith, love, and obedience, I may in the last day obtain the resurrection of the just, and enter on the fruition of eternal felicity; for thy sake, and through the merits of Him who died for our sins and rose again for our justification, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Jones.

Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 25, 1837.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We regret to find that the article of "Susan," by the errors he has pointed out to us. It was owing to the carelessness of the proof reader. It will appear as written, in the ensuing No. of the Casket.

"Palo" is received.

Our Milford Correspondent, "H. C. M." must excuse us from publishing his article, for reasons we will state hereafter.

"Arrietta," is rejected.

"W. C. D." is declined.

The author of "The Marriage of Goethe" will attribute the errors we have made to the defacement the manuscript has'd sustained, when it came into our possession, and the mistakes of the word "translated," in the preface is also a surprise. It should have been transcribed. Of the perfect accuracy of the incident related, we have no doubt, and he will accept our thanks for the communication.

We recognize the writing of the communication, signed "Juvenis." The author has not bestowed sufficient care on the composition to entitle it to publication.

The Schooner, "Mail of the Mail," Capt. L. D. Fedle, was recently blown from her anchorage and completely wrecked on the Poocha Island. When discovered by the steamboat Cursair, the captain and three of the crew were dead, having died from cold and exhaustion; the two remaining of the crew were taken off the wreck. The body of the captain was not discovered until three days after, having drifted ashore, where he was buried.

A THEME FOR MORALISING.

We observe in the Lexington (Ky.) Reporter, the particulars of a collision between a father and a son, named Ramsey, in Clarke county, of that State, which resulted in the death of the former. It appears that young Ramsey, (the son) had just returned from school, and hearing that his father had been whipping, or was whipping a negro woman very severely, stepped into the room where he was having at the time an open knife in his hand, with which he was trimming his finger nails, and inquired of his father why he whipped the woman any more, as he thought he had whipped her enough, when the father turned upon and commenced using the cowhide on his son, catching him at the same time with his left hand, and jerking him so suddenly that they both fell. When they arose, it was discovered that the father was stabbed. The young man appeared greatly distressed, and disclaimed any intention of inflicting a wound of any kind on his father.

FOREIGN.

We find the following extract from a Correspondent at Vera Cruz in the columns of the Star.

"Affairs with us in this quarter continue in a most unsettled state, and bear an aspect of war with the United States. A resolution is now before Congress to pass a non-intercourse act as it is said with our country, and another to declare a war.—But I hope the leaders of government may not act thus unwisely. The Charge d'Affaires of the United States asked and obtained his passports, and sailed from this city in the United States ship Boston on the 3d instant, all which would indicate symptoms of a rupture. The constitution of the present Central Government was proclaimed at this city on the 7th instant, but not being able to obtain as yet a copy of it, I am unable to give you any of its features.

Bustamente, formerly the President of the Republic, and lately returned at the instance of the existing government will, it is rumored, be reappointed to the office or named Dictator.

The two California sons weeks since declared in favor of the Central Government, or resolved to remain independent of Mexico. Other connections of similar features are in agitation in the Southern States, and news has just been received that a pronunciamento has taken place at a place called "Quarretto" Nuevo Leon, N. W. of Mexico. Should Santa Anna reach the scene of his native country again, which I doubt not he will in a few months, being now the U. S., he will place himself at the head of government. It is supposed he has a strong party yet in the country. The army is with him and the clergy is also on his side, and with all his faults he seems the only man in my opinion, capable of ruling the destiny of the country.

Commerce is greatly fallen off within the past year, and particularly with the United States, and unless some favorable change should be speedily brought about, we shall find it difficult to close our houses; a forced loan of $3,000,000 is proposed to be raised forthwith to meet the disbursements, the interest on which must be paid principally from the chests of the foreign merchants. The Texian war will probably be abandoned, at least for the present, for want of the necessary means of carrying it on. The Navy of the Government is now in port and unable to proceed to sea from the same cause.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

From our Correspondent at Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 7, 1837.

On Wednesday last, a memorial was presented to the House from the Anti Slavery convention, then in session, asking for the use of the Hall, for the purpose of explaining the object of that class of our citizens. A motion was made to grant their request, and an excited debate arose on the subject: but the House refused the motion by a large majority—66 to 32. They also refused to proceed to the consideration of the first motion, 55 to 27. The meetings of the convention, however, were continued at the hotel, and a great number of spectators added to the attendance. Some of the lecturers were able and eloquent men, especially a Mr. Burroughs, and the effort of their speaking, preserved order on the occasion. They finally organized a State Anti Slavery Society, the object for which the convention met, and adjourned.

On Thursday, the Senate, took up a bill providing for the temporary disposition of the surplus money received by the State. Several propositions in relation to this money were made, and their merits discussed, and the bill occupied the time of the Senate until to-day, when it passed as originally reported in the House of Representatives. The principal of this measure is regarded as an important question of legislation, and there would be difficulty in deciding it, at the present state of the improvement system unnecessary, except as applies to works of internal improvement. As long as the canal is in force is unfinished, and no rail road communication from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, the Legislature cannot well hesitate as to the manner of disposing of this money. It is said then, that the improvement bill will be reported this week, and that it will be likewise of its provisions. In the present flourishing state of the finances it cannot be otherwise.

The House, took up a second reading, the bill to incorporate the Harrisburg and Sunbury Rail Road Company. An amendment was offered by Mr. English, of Philadelphia county to prohibit any bank with a capital of more than $2,000,000 from taking or holding any of the stock, but after a protracted discussion, the amendment was defeated by the friends of the bill, 51 to 41. This is an important link in the rail road to Erie, and the argument against it, is, that it will run parallel to a public work already finished.

Friday.—In Senate the Surplus bill. In the House, Mr. English offered an amendment to the above bill, to prevent the U. S. Bank, from taking any of the stock, the real estate, or any other proposition, but it failed, after a long debate, by a large majority. Late said bank friends of the improvement, would not consent to link this question of politics with one so important to the State.

Saturday.—The surplus bill again occupied the whole time of the Senate. The amendment of Reed, of Philadelphia county, before the reading of the journals, introduced a general bill to prevent the U. S. Bank from taking or holding stock in any internal improvement company in this state. An angry debate, arose between Mr. Reed and Mr. Sandie, and there was a strife as to which should belong the honour of the measure, and Mr. Reed achieved it. The final passage of the rail road bill was postponed for a week, to allow action upon that bill. Mr. Sandie reported a bill to settle the difficulties relative to the fisheries on the river Delaware, and a bill granting $5000 to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Education of the Blind passed a second reading.

Yesterday, Mr. Reed's bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, when it passed, with an amendment to allow the Bank to subscribe for, and hold the stock mentioned in the charter. Mr. M'Ilvaine offered a proviso, requiring from the Bank a bonus of $5,000 for the privileges conferred by the bill, but it did not pass. This bill, on account to its opposition to political learning, will undoubtedly pass the present House of Representatives, but it will be rejected by the Senate, which body will commence its session to-day.

To-day, Mr. Purviance reported a bill to form a new county out of Beaver, Butler and Mercer.

A set of resolutions favorable to the present tariff were passed in Senate, 18 to 8.

In the House there was no business of importance.

We had on Monday a grand parade—a company of cavalry, and a squadron of mounted artillery—in training four days each, for inspection and good accommodations were found for the soldiers on the premises of the guns. This was a new "turn out" for our city, and much attention was attracted by the novelty, and we may add the handsome appointment of the cavalry—a company on foot brought up the rear. These are the German companies, and they did not believe credit as citizen soldiers.—*United States Gazette.*

A HEROINE.

The Columbus (Tenn.) Observer details an incident which we should have given additional fame to *Beatrice Cenci*. A Mr. Ramsey, who resided about four or five miles from that place, was murdered by a band of ruffians her husband was absent. The wretch attempted to cast her into the fire; but she brought him to her feet on the floor, and held him for a time fully at bay. Succeeding himself, however, the athletic miscreant dragged her out of the room of her house, intending to drown her in a pool near by. On the way, he made a second attempt to assassinate her with a dirk-knife, but with undaunted presence of mind, the courageous lady, wrested the weapon from his murderous hand, and with it laid him dead on the spot, after which she gathered her affrighted children together, and fled to her nearest neighbor. The wound in the neck of her assailant, and consequently not quite deep enough for his death.—The wrought, says the Observer, lasted for a considerable time.

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An Officer in Trouble.—The vigilant and efficient officer, Waldron, of the lower police, took one of the watchmen of the city into observing officer, M'Guire, of the 6th Ward, on a very serious charge. It appears that the testimony of the complainant, that the defendant had been recognized by a man unknown to him, by the name of John Hughes, and that in procuring a lodging for the time being; that defendant had in his pocket a large knife at the corner of Chatham and James streets, and that on the defendant being searched, he produced 27 dollars in bills, and no old watch of the value of $45 more. Suspicions fixed upon M'Guire and he was arrested. In the course of the day, officers Stevenson and Tompkins, in passing through the rooms and premises of the house of robbery, and at the same time found out who had formerly occupied the property. They immediately called upon the individual, Mr. Benjamin Hughes, at 32 Bowery, who stated to them that M'Guire had given him the money and watch on the evening previous to his take care of, but said nothing as to whom it belonged, and supposing it to be all correct he had the charge of it. The defendant, upon being examined by Justice Hopson in relation to the matter, said that he did not know the owner of the watch money and watch, and declined answering any further questions upon the subject. It is proper to remark that M'Guire is an officer of the Police, but elected by the sovereign people of the 6th Ward. He is fully commuted for trial.—*N. Y. Dai. Exp.*

Cecil County Jail Broke.—We learn from the Elkton Gazette, that the trial of that county was at Elkton Court-house on Thursday night, the 26th ult. and four of the prisoners made their escape from the jail. Silas and Richard Kennedy, sentenced at the last court to confinement in the jail two years for being engaged in the Charlestown riot, and Vernon and a man named Carter, each confined for the charge of assaulting an officer while in the discharge of his duty.

They effected their escape by cutting a hole through the ceiling of the room in which they were confined, and to avoid detection, replaced the board, concealing the joint by the use of soap and dirt, and on Thursday night, having completed a rope ladder made of their bedclothing, which is a very curious and ingenious thing, they ascended through the hole in the ceiling into the garret, thence descended the stairs, and forcing a window in the front of the door, found themselves in the open yard, and by means of their ladder scaled the wall.

It is supposed that they must have made their way to this city.—*Balt. Chron.*

Piracy.—Captain Chandler of the schooner Harriet, arrived at Boston on Thursday last, and her of piracies had been committed on American vessels along the coast of that island, and it was rumored and believed that the captain had of several instances been murdered. A number of American vessels, that ought to be arrived at spectable man, and now far advanced in years, had been captured by the pirates, and considerable sum of money, on account of the state of his health is unable to give an accurate description of the effects of her wound, and the great hesitation of his speech renders it difficult to commit to writing. Committee, therefore, reported a bill continuing to him his wife's pension, from the time of her death."

The Blairsville Record of the last inst. says—"Mr. Rhodes Fales and family were drowned in Mr. David Fales, of this place, were drowned in the Allegheny river, near Providence. The cause of this most distressing event could not be ascertained. Mr. F. got his breakfast as usual, and acted and conversed with his family as usual; he found on person in the house, and the table, &c. dishes were set for breakfast. Mrs. Fales and his wife, but she could not be found; on his return from a neighbor's, where he had been on passing the well, to look down it, and to his horror saw his little infant about two months old floating on the water. He then knew the cause the alarm was raised, and the neighbors collected, when the bodies of Mrs. Fales and child, and mother also lying at the bottom! They were taken out of the well, but life was extinct, they had been so. The feelings of the distressed husband, brother and relatives of the deceased, on the melancholy occasion, can be better imagined than described."

Speaking.—The N. York Journal of Commerce says —"It is rumored that some large amounts of specie are about being shipped from this port on the 1st of February. On enquiry we learn that the political disturbances which convulse France induces have been stopped, and that a parcel of Mexican dollars, amounting to $200,000, arrived from Mexico, to pay a debt in France, have been ordered forwardjustead of being sold here. We also learn that a large amount of specie might be shipped, and if the prices were to rise, as they probably will in a short rate, there would no doubt, be metallic remittances. The power of exchange is now against us, and is very high, has declined. At New Orleans, Mobile, &c. Cotton has come in slowly, and the receipts have not been large. Advices from the last accounts from those places, the movements of the cotton crop are not quite so active. The city still remained in the interior, which must be limited toward of it is to get in during the season.

Mr. Augur, the self-taught sculptor of New Haven, has just finished a marble bust of the late Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. States. The bust is executed in pursuance of a resolution of Congress, and is intended for the Capital, where it is shortly to be taken. The New Haven papers pronounce it faultless as a likeness of the Chief Justice, and perfect as a work of art. The bust is rather larger than life.

From the N. York Courier and Enquirer.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The aspect of the Money Market continues further improvement. The paper is readily disposed of at from 1 to 1½ per cent. discount. The measures taken, but this is very generally the consequence of a rapid rise. Exchange on England is rather higher, and may be quoted at 10 a 10½ premium. It is also somewhat stronger, that it is sufficiently high to induce debtors to remit money, and the bills which they pay, it is not so much so, considering the price paid for the use of money, as to render it the most profitable remittance. On the contrary, the rise in the rivers at the south, has prevented the expected arrivals of specie, and the shipping list and has thus diminished the amount of paper on Europe which would otherwise have come into market.

We had on Monday a grand parade—a company of cavalry, and a squadron of mounted artillery—in training four days each for inspection and good accommodations were found for the soldiers on the premises of the guns. This was a new "turn out" for our city, and much attention was attracted by the novelty, and we may add the handsome appointment of the cavalry —a company on foot brought up the rear. These are the German companies, and they did not believe credit as citizen soldiers.—*United States Gazette.*

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Miraculous Preservation of Life.—We have to notice a most remarkable instance of preservation of life, which occurred on the 3d inst. as played in the Rolling Mill connected with Estes's Nail factory, in Saratoga county, in this county. The boy it seems had been requested by one of the workmen to remove something from the machinery while in motion, and in the attempt to obey the order, he stepped over the rollers, which were in motion at the time, and the iron which is used in confining some part of the machinery, coming in contact with his foot, he was thus thrown from his balance and his head was caught in between the rollers, in one of the upper ones, and the bars, or iron which keeps this opening in the rollers, though apparently not large enough to pass a man's head with ease, IN THE ENTIRE BODY OF THE BOY WAS DRAWN, and not a bone was broken, and the rollers, which are somewhat closely stripped off on his body by the rollers, he received not even a severe bruise.—*Wonderful!—Tennessee Patriot.*

Ship Canals in the United States.—After outlines of ship canals in the United States, of railroads and rail-roads, the unsatisfied enterprise of our people, and the vast extent of our country, speculations schemes of ship canals, to unite the great lakes with the Atlantic ocean, or with the Atlantic. That of the Welland, in Canada, around Niagara Falls, is made; another, corresponding, is the ship canal around the falls of Ohio. The State Legislature are debating one around the Falls of St. Mary's, to connect Lake Superior with the lower Lakes the immense inland sea of Lake Michigan, to open a canal only one half a mile long, and a lockage of 23 feet. There will also one day be a ship canal directly across the Michigan Peninsula, to connect Lakes Erie and Michigan, and one also from those lakes by a common trunk to connect with the Ohio river, to say nothing of Lake Superior and the upper Mississippi. Go ahead.—*N. Y. Star.*

New Opera.—A new English opera has been produced in London with great success, called the Village Coquette. It is said to be from the pen of Charles Dickens, the author of "Sketches, by Boz," and the Pickwick Papers.

RAIL ROAD TO PITTSBURGH.

We take the following extract from a letter dated St. Louis, Missouri 7 Jan. 20th, 1837. It should be read with attention by the anxiety of Western friends for the completion of a rail road to Pittsburgh. The work can be no doubt of our city being a great mart for the Western Merchants in the completion of the rail road to Pittsburgh.

St. Louis, Mo. Jan. 20, 1837.

My Dear Sir—I have just returned from our spring business, the navigation of our river is so far unobstructed as to allow the steamboats to leave for New Orleans and Louisville—one will leave this for Louisville in the morning—many of our Merchants start for the east. Philadelphia is decidedly their favorite city for purchasing—and I would be glad to see the interest for our city to secure a very large share of the trade of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the upper Mississippi,as well as Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas. This will only be done by your completing forthwith a rail road direct to Pittsburgh. If you neglect it longer, Baltimore will be ahead of you. The failure of the fact as soon as their Ohio rail road is completed if they are ahead of you.

Missouri and Illinois is growing with such rapidity that it would be idle to attempt the calculation of the consumption of goods in those two states alone, at the expansion of another five years. Emigration is pouring into our state daily from every section of the Union—or lands are put in the world, here can be no doubt of that—our farmers have but to plough, plant and reap, as no existence of the fertility of our soil. I will tell you that the corn crops last year were so large that 25 cts. was the price of it—no can grow poor or get behindhand in cultivating such soil. We pay the farmers for their produce in cash—no government there will doors, cash or orders for goods as we choose.

From the Evansville (In.) Journal of Jan. 14.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

On the 4th inst. Peter Steed was stabbed by Thomas Barnet, son. both of the county, and died on the next day. Barnet, the father of the murderer, and Mr. Steed, were at a house of Methodist church, and hitherto peaceable gentlemen, a mile and a half from this city, contracted to build a saw mill for Steed, about which they were disputing. Barnet, it is said, had copy a license on Barnett's land drag the time he should be engaged in the mill, but some dispute arising between them, the latter informed the former that he should not. The building was suspended about si months ago, and Barnet ceased to go secretly to the spot keeping the peace. On the day the fatal rencontre, Barnett and his son went to the house from which Steed was drawing firewood, to form the latter in the act of loading a sled-wagon, and the fatal wound was given with a dirk knife. Steed struck Barnet, number of times, with a stick of wood, and broke it in a rail pole, with which he was drink out, according to the testimony taken before the coroner's inquest. Barnett's son is about thirty years of age, and Steed's about sixty-five years of age.

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There were scattered about and in the number of from 20 to 30 persons, from the age of 16 to sixteen years of age, there were about 25 boys, and all of them had their blue eyes, in short, as you in the face as if they were all of one family.

I could hardly realize that they be dead. I looked at them and found that they were cold as a board and as solid as a rock, and their head in the same position as when they were living. I could perceive a resemblance to each of their parents. Pepper, who was in charge of a passenger named Pepper, whereabouts together with his wife and all the fay.

I was at a loss to account for the impression of the rope which they being tying together, but I soon found out. They had a rope with one poor negro under, a table, with his head on the floor, and his feet on the table, the ligatures eye-balls turned upwards his arms bound behind him, and a rope to the neck of the rope. There are limits to the endurance and forbearance even of Pennsylvanians.—*Ex. Journal.*

Revolutionary Heroine.—On Monday last, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Wardell, from the committee on the claim of Deborah Gunnet, reported a bill granting a pension to Benjamin Gunnet, *soldier of Deborah Gunnet*, a soldier of the revolution, and in the course of the debate on the report of the committee, are given in the following interesting account of

"The maiden name of Deborah Gunnett, a soldier of the Revolution, was Sampson. She was born in Sharon, Massachusetts, where she received some education, and was married to Robert Shurtleff. She soon after left her husband for years till the close of the war, when she was discharged with the rank of Ensign, by the order of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. She was in many engagements, where she had her horse shot under her. In the skirmish at Tarrytown, she was badly wounded by a musket ball, which was never extracted, and the effects of which she felt through life. Her sex was never divulged nor discovered, except to her husband, for years. The motives which prompted her conduct do not distinctly appear, but were probably a combination of her husband in the cause of independence, and the spirit of adventure natural to youth in the year 1777, when she died. She was married to Robert Shurtleff in the year 1784. He is represented to be a man of fine personal appearance, and now far advanced in years, and is in indigent circumstances. He has received a sum of money, on account of the state of his wife's death, she could not be found; on his return from a long absence, he found his wife, but she could not be found; on his return from a long absence, he found his wife, but she could not be found; on his return from a long absence, he found his wife, but

some letters—Another infe- to that recently noticed at the one of those atrocious chara- Rhode Island, was recent- field. A lady received a ing something; but on ner suspicions. On hand- Isaiah Cole, Benjamin Daniel Bennett, Clerk, Joseph Rivett, Thomas Gardner, Lewis G. Osborne, Benjamin Field, Lord Dupree, Jno. G. Fraser, &c.

Attention! Absentees!

The gentleman named below will please let us know their present address, having removed from their former residence, without giving us information. We have answered communications to make to each of them.

Wm Rogers, No 2, Jno Scantlebrun, N. J.
Jno Roach Cannon, Connecticut.
Wm Hall, Jr. No 39 North Second street.
Jno Wright, Township Delaware.
Isreal Smith, Wilmington, Delaware.
Jno Wilson, No 36 North Fourth street.
Jno Wilson, No 15 North Second street.
Benjamin Field, Lord Dupree, Jno G. Fraser, &c.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, February 11, 1837.

AGENCIES.

Ezra Fall is appointed Agent for Atkinson's Pendelum at Elkton, Maryland.

Henry Hollyday is appointed Agent at Easton, Maryland.

Henry J. Morrison is appointed Agent at Galena, Illinois.

Our friends in these places, are requested to account with them gentlemen in settlement.

We are indebted to Mr. Trego, of the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg, for valuable public documents.

The Tuggs at Ramsgate.—By Boz.—Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard have published a volume, under this title, which contains many sketches, both humorous and pathetic, and is well calculated to amuse and interest the Reader. "Boz" contributes the article which gives its title to the work, and the remaining tales are by writers of acknowledged celebrity.

We have not seen the new novel of D'Israeli and therefore cannot pass judgment upon it, for the present.

We are indebted to the same publishers for a copy of "Tucker's Life of Jefferson" in two vols. octavo, which will meet with a more extended notice in our columns.

We have received from Mr. Perkins, the 15th, and 13th, Nos. of the uniform edition of "Pendleton Works," together with the "Life of the Rev. Samuel Davies," which have taken place in the crowded out of the present No. and will appear in our next.

A "Month of Freedom" is the title of a new poem, published by W. Hulley of New York. We have not had time to examine it, and are compelled to defer its notice to next week.

EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

The arrival of Lieutenant Wilkes from England, with the requisite chronometrical and other instruments, designed for the exploring expedition, has been generally noticed in the papers throughout the Union. Possibly some of our readers may not be aware of the importance, that our mechanics are incapable of equalling foreigners, in a department that requires both scientific knowledge and manual skill of the first order. Such however is not the fact, as it is well known that the English instruments of this description, imported into this country, are subjected to many corrections, before they are sent out for use, and that the former are never used, except in cases of necessity. For the truth of this assertion we can appeal to the whole of the English and the United States, who has had an opportunity of testing their relative merits, by comparison. It is to a want of confidence in the skill of our artists that we attribute the giving of this order, on the part of the government, to foreign artificers.

PENNSYLVANIA IMPROVEMENTS.

We have been favored by Mr. Merrick, one of the Pennsylvania Legislature, with the reports of Charles T. Whipple and Charles De Haas, civil engineers, employed by the Governor, to New Castle to Freeport, from Laughlintown to Pittsburg, from Lewistown to Hollidaysburg, and to award the inclined planes, over the Alleghany mountains, and from Johnstown to the Pennsylvania canal at each of the routes, for the location of rail-roads, and connecting the Eastern and Western section of the State, by a rapid mode of transit.

Mr. Whipple anticipates great advantages from a rail-road connecting Freeport and New Castle, by which the route to Pittsburg might be avoided, as "it is not the policy of Pennsylvania or Philadelphian to force the trade through Pittsburg, as it would probably be thence diverted to Baltimore, in preference to Philadelphia!!"

Mr. De Haas sees many inducements to construct the other rail-roads, his reasons for which would require more room than we can spare. In addition to these ways and means to tue up the "surplus revenue," a strong party in the Legislature advocate a rail-road from the Ohio by way of the Susquehanna, the West Branch and the Clarion river! These great works look well on paper, and it remains to be seen whether Pennsylvania will be induced to adopt the preposterous folly which she has pursued since the commencement of her internal improvements—that of making "splendid failures," only, in many different projects, instead of applying all her energies to the completion of one work at a time, which would be available and profitable.

We commence the publication of several the reports of these newly discovered locations for rail-roads as extremely unpolite—the project of the rail-road, via Lewistown, to the lake is finely drawn, but we are assured that the idea of crossing the Alleghany chain of mountains between the waters of the Susquehanna and Allegheny, without inclined planes, is completely illusory. The ground is of great altitude, and about the roughest part of creation.

Great exertions have been used here to obtain the construction of the road, by the way of Cumberland Valley, to connect with the Baltimore and Ohio rail-road, which is completed to Pittsburg, will no doubt be of great utility, and attract a large portion of the travelling and trade between the East and the West; but Pennsylvania, in a continuation of this rail-road to Lake Erie, at Cleveland and Connaut, making a complete thoroughfare from Philadelphia to the Northern Lakes, by the way of the Lake, would place Pennsylvania on a par with New York, and enable Philadelphia to compete with her rival city, in the trade of the valley that must inevitably grow up between the seaboard and the great West; and we believe it is susceptible of proof that this is the best, and most practicable route that could be found for the purpose.

We doubt the probability of any thing being effected, where several rival improvements of the same nature are presented at the same time. The attention of the Legislature is distracted by too many adverse interests. Since the commencement of the present session, three of the rail-road companies members fail! about these improvements, as well as about the Tariff, Public Lands, the Surplus, Banks, &c.—but they agree upon nothing. The canal project—*log-rolling* to advantage, and consume the session without coming to any point, or *deciding* upon any thing.

FASHION, *versus* EYESIGHT.

In a late medical treatise upon diseases of the eye, we find it observed that every hat or bonnet, of any other colour than black, grey, blue or green, should be considered as an article of most pernicious quality, so far as regards the sight, for in the same manner that water reflects the light in a thousand different ways, so does a brilliant lining throw it down upon the pupil of the eye, where it causes more ravages, than continual exposure to the strong rays of the sun could possibly do.

In relation to that charming instrument of *coquetry*, the fan, the writer inquires if any thing is more absurd than an instrument intended to intercept the rays of the sun, which is exercised through every fold and which moreover is coloured red, white, and yellow, and worked in gold or ivory, as if fabricated expressly for the ruin of the eyes. This objection appears to us to be reasonable, and we shall never gaze upon a pair of brilliant orbs, through the white interstices of this instrument, without thinking of the dangerous reflections, that must be flashing back upon them.

A long tirade, is also given against the use of the *veil*, as the continual vascillation of the fabric of net-work, of which it is composed, intercepts objects in a confused and partial manner, and thus weakens the sight. Many instances are given of persons, under such circumstances, having their sight greatly injured from this cause. We must acknowledge our concurrence in this opinion, and we trust that hereafter no young lady, "under seventeen," will fine eyes, will think of "taking the veil."

Notwithstanding the good intentions of the author and the strong testimony he brings forward to corroborate his opinions, we are afraid that they will meet with little charity from our fair readers. We shall wait with some impatience for the effect of these very sensible and talented attractions of fans, gauze, net-work and pink ribbons.

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Our latest dates are to the 9th ult. by the brig Texas, from Vera Cruz, arrived at N. York from the port of Vera Cruz. It appears that the day previous to her sailing, the oath of fidelity and adherence to the new constitution, had been taken by the authorities of the city, and the official intelligence of the army intended for the invasion of Texas, had been received there, except that Gen. Bravo, and for the third time extinguished the Chief command, and it was reported would not resume it again. It is difficult to conjecture the cause of these vascillating movements on the part of those concerned in this expedition.

We have reason to believe that the report of the popular reception on account of the return of Bustamente and the decree of outlawry against Santa Anna, are both fabrications. The news of the release of the latter, and his departure for Washington, had for the third time extinguished the Chief command, and it was reported would not resume it again. It is difficult to conjecture the cause of these vascillating movements on the part of those concerned in this expedition.

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It was rumored that the expediency of declaring war against the United States, would be discussed in the Mexican congress at its next session, and the question of making such a declaration was under discussion by the Mexican congress.

An insurrection had taken place in the California's and the restoration of the Federal government has been demanded by the insurgents. It was reported also that a movement had taken place at Queretaro, in consequence of the new government order reducing the value of the copper coin.

An engagement ensued between the insurgents and the government forces in which no advantage was gained on either side.

From all we can learn from the intelligence before us, we are confident in certainty that some important change will take place ere long in the affairs of the Mexican States. Revolutionary movements have been successful in different parts of the republic and their apparent success seems to forbode its entire dissolution. It appears as if this vexed country would never be permitted to enjoy from internal dissensions and foreign aggression.

MORMON CURRENCY.

Our readers may recollect the statement of a Banking Institution, in Kirtland, Ohio, called the Mormon Bank, contained in the above mentioned sect. Of course the circulation of their notes, was principally confined to members of the sect, and was intended merely as a means of obtaining a charter, and securing an invested capital, were deemed wholly unnecessary, and moreover it would be unnecessary to call in the private state of the funds of the society. Neither did the illegality of the proceeding, being contrary to an express law of the state, prove an insurmountable obstacle, as the collection of the pecuniary penalties it enforces, would have required no small share of ingenuity on the part of the state authorities. The fact is, the state authorities were slow to seem, perfectly content to let the evil punish itself. Accordingly the Banking House of Kirtland, with different branches in South appointed President, and the concern went into full operation. The Board of Directors issued orders for the engraving of the plates, and the design of the notes, which was the great judgment, the vignette of the Ex's on particular, being perfectly characteristic of the whole affair. It is a drawing, representing a man in the act of washing a sheep, and another shearing it, which as our readers will readily perceive, conveys a beautiful and appropriate allegorical meaning.

Since the above was written we perceive by a late number of the Cincinnati Gazette, that the public have already had a taste of the Mormon currency in addition to these ways and means to tue up the "surplus revenue," a strong party in the Legislature advocate a rail-road from the Ohio by way of the Susquehanna, the West Branch and the Clarion river! These great works look well on paper, and it remains to be seen whether Pennsylvania will be induced to adopt the preposterous folly which she has pursued since the commencement of her internal improvements—that of making "splendid failures" only, in many different projects, instead of applying all her energies to the *completion* of one work at a time, which would be available and profitable.

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THE OHIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

A noun is a thing—a name appeared in a late Bell's Life (appearing a heir at that moment was the young order of Cockneys in London. These hails, it is well known, are interdicted by the authorities, while the snow lies on the ground, in consequence of the lapse-classes are secured. The dialogue beneath, explain the figures in the quadrille and their quality:

"Madam, I'm blest supremely
That we a partner you I meet."
"Sir, I was gratified extremely,
Though I'm in a condick sweet."
"Maam, permit me how your three—
Shall I bring of beer a quart?
Or if that is like to hurt ye,
Take a drop of cocktail short?"
"Sir, I do not feel quite well-ish,
Nor at all in one be grisly
But I thanks as I should wish
(If your please) a dram of whisk."
"Maam, this moment I'll be jug-ug,
Not one moment shall be lost,
I will fetch you half a mug-ug
And with joy will stand the cost."
"Lack, the price, sir, do not mention,
I will make the matter right;
But no more pulsion attention
I did not expect to night."
"Blow me, Miss, I knows my duty,
And I'll do it well I vow,
While to female worth and beauty
I, a willing slave, must bow!"

Geography of the Heart.—A woman's No! is but a crooked path unto a woman's Yes!

UNDENIABLE REASONS FOR THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.—"What is the reason you don't get married to Lord A. to marry him?"—"Why I saw a house in town," said the pretty Marchioness, "a box at the opera, and a lawyer in perspective!"—*Ranks Punt.*

The Poughkeepsie N. Y. Telegraph, says: "there is a pig in that place that grew so fast his mother did not know him. That is nothing. There was one of the scribes once in Knickerbocker that grew so fast *he did not know his mother!*

"What are you about there?" said a gentleman to a boy whom he found in his orchard, disposing of a few apples in the best advantage, viz: on his hat and in handkerchief, for pockets he had not.

"About saving," replied the boy.

FRAGMENTS OF ARABIC POETRY.—An Arabino having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the examination of her gaze, said to her: "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why found me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

VULGARITY.—"By the vulgar," said Mirabeau, "I do not mean the mob, but men of every class who reflect but little." A very pointed definition, and, let us add, a very profound one—having no reference to the mere surface of mankind, beneath which universal vulgarity of mind not unfrequently lurks, not to find fair and steady exercise on the understanding, and the enlargement which men are to last like better, in reference to the great moral and intellectual ends of the creation, than are the beasts that bear their burdens, or the brute elements upon which they tread.

HYMENEAL RIDDLE.—At a recent marriage at Bridgewater, Vermont, where only eight persons were present, and where the bridegroom had wedded his brother's wife's mother, the bride being 61, and the bridegroom 67; there were no unrighteous counted 3 rollers, 2 grand-fathers, 3 mothers, 2 grand-mothers, 4 children, 2 grand-children, 2 husbands, 1 father-in-law, 1 mother-in-law, 2 brothers-in-sisters, 2 sisters, 2 daughters, and 2 widows—all 37 distinct relationships in kindred and marriage.

The Baltimore Visiter has the following:

"How does the Thermometer stand?" asked a father of his son.

"It don't stand at all, sir, it hangs," was the reply.

"Well, but I mean how high is it?"

"Just about five feet from the floor."

"Pooh! you fool, how does the mercury range?"

"Up and down perpendicularly."

The reader will remember another similar.

"What is ratio, John?"

"Ratio, sir?"

"Yes, ratio!"

"Oh! sir—ratio? Why, ratio is proportion!"

"Very well. But what is proportion?"

"Oh! proportion! sir,—why, proportion is ratio."

"Certainly, but what are ratio and proportion both?"

"I can only answer one question at a time!" replied the boy.

HORRIFIC ROBBERY—*well ha!*—A case of unprecedented desperation was stated to His Honor by a citizen. For convenience we give the cridgue and he the dialogue form as follows:—

CRIDGUE.—As I was crossing the New South Boston Bridge, I met a stout foreigner, dressed in a blue coat and corduroy pantaloons. When in coarse within a few rods of me, he suddenly halted, and, loading out his hand, said—"I have got two cents here, will you be so good as to hand me as to give a your cracksure another?"

CRIDGUE—What you have got to do with another cent?

BEGGAR—It's a gloss I'd want to be gitting, to the cent he could chill out of my stomach, by reason I've walked in the way from Canton and more of.

CRI.—Your breath smells of liquor now, and I expect you can't afford quite enough.

BEG.—My breth smill of liquor! It's little sarvice your nose as till is, if dimarves you smill in that fashion. May the devil take me, if I have tasted a sup or drunk since yesterday. Master, so it's all a mistake you're trying to get off from giving me the cint upon that fetch. Just give us the cint then, if you don't would be sorry for refusing a small charity to a your christian.

CRI.—I will not.

BEG.—You won't!

CRI.—I won't.

BEG.—Don't wish to be hard upon ye, but don't say that word again. Clenching his fist and the two cents.

CRI.—It's no use for you to stand in my way. for I will not comply with your impudent demands.

BEG.—Approaching quite near)—I don't understand that. Give me the cint I say.

CRI.—I say I will not.

BEG.—And I say you must—I will not stir a foot without it.

CRI.—Then you'll have to stand here all night.

BEG.—I'll not do that same nayther. Hark ye, that thing can be easily settled.

CRI.—It is settled.

BEG.—Yes, that ye give me the cint right off.

CRI.—No.

BEG.—You won't.

CRI.—Again I say I won't.

BEG.—Finally raising his hand, as if about to strike.—I know—I'll throw them overboard—and over the three I mean, looking at the same time, "unutterable things," and making off, as his looks bespoke, to fetch them.

As His Honor knew no law to punish a man for throwing away his own property, no writ or rant was issued against the most perfect specimen of an "independent beggar" we ever heard or read of.—*Boston Post.*

Singular accident, related by a retired Custom House Officer.—A gentleman who resided some time at Leura on a visit to a relative, was attacked a very curious malady. The loss which contained it was rather too large for his travelling pocket, and was accordingly stowed away in the interior seat of a by a stage coach, which, according to custom, was awarded at the gates of Paris. The wise officers broke open the box, and *presto!* the whole secret was out, gravely pronounced it to be the treasure of a *mad lasted* in an oven. The astonished gentleman came to support of their opinion, as they mistook them for a short and buried: and after a proper amount the supposed murdered per on was sent to the morne, or bone hunt to be owned. Some hours after an owner made his appearance to claim his lost property, which he supposed was detained at the office. On his first entrance, the officers left a bed at him with amazement and horror, but after seeing him become exceedingly angry, one of the officers, more sensible than the rest, approached, and softly whispered in the traveller's ear that he had better hold his tongue, and save his neck from the halter by a timely flight. Unable to guess the meaning of so unexpected an address, the gentleman retired, and directly appeared to the lieutenant of police, who, after repeated applications, gave him, in all due form, a permit from the magistrates to take away from the loose house the Egyptian prince or princess, who after having slept sound for two thousand years within a pyramid, was on the eve of recovering a Christian burial.

WILBERFORCE AND THE REPORTER.

About the same time, the debate, which was about English laborers, being one evening unusually dull, Jack Finnarty, who had been but a short time before imported from Tipperary, and to the only reporter in the gallery at the time, that he felt very drowsy, and that he would be after taking a little nap or a nap, if he would tell him, when he awoke, anything which might take place. The reporter agreed to Jack as a testament, was fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. An hour elapsed, and after half-a-dozen yawns Jack opened his eyes.—"Has anything happened?" was the first question to his friend. "I be sure there has, and all the other whose name was Morgan O'Sullivan. "Has there, by the one person?" answered Jack, pricking up his ears in the plenitude of his anxiety to learn what it was. "Yes Jack, and very important too—for the —— then, and why don't you be after telling it me at once? What was it about?" "About the virtue of the Irish potatoe, Jack."—"Was it the Irish potatoe you said, Morgan?"—"The Irish potatoe; and a most eloquent speech it was."—"Thunder and lightning, then, and why don't you tell it me?" "I'll read it from my book, Jack, and you'll take it down as I go on, said Morgan, pulling out his book, and quite ready at any time to write what any member says about our praises. "Are you ready to begin?" "Always, as-sured Morgan. "Now then," said Jack, with an energy which strangely contrasted with the generous languor of his manner. "Now then, Morgan, my boy. Morgan, affecting to read from his book, and commenced thus. "The honorable member said that—" "Oh, he say a little bit," interrupted Jack; "who is the honorable member? Morgan, hesitating for a moment—"What is his name you axed? Sure it was Mr. Wilberforce. "Mr. Wilberforce! Och, very well then—Morgan recommence, and Jack, who was determined always appeared to him beyond all question, that the great cause of the Irish laborers were as a body, no much stronger and capable of enduring so much greater physical fatigue, than the English, was the surpassing virtue of their potato. And he——

"Morgan my dear fellow," shouted Jack at the mention of the Irish potato, his countenance lighting up with ecstasy as he spoke, "Morgan, my dear fellow, this is so important that we must give it in the first person." "Do you think so?" said Morgan. "Think so! I do," answered Jack. "Very well," said the other, Morgan then continued. "And I have no doubt," continued Mr. Wilberforce, "that had it been left to me to have seen the vessel" "Don't remember say read!" interrupted Jack excitingly evidently associating the word with the graceful potatoes in his own blessed country. "He said 'read,'" observed the other, who then resumed. "Had it been left to me to be born and reared in Ireland, where my soul would have principally consisted of the potato—that most nutritious and salubrious root—instead of being the poor, infirm, shrivelled, rickety creature you see, and honorable gentlemen, now behold me—I would have been a tall, stout, athletic man, and what to carry an enormous weight." Here Jack Finnarty observed, looking his friend eagerly in the face. "Eh! Morgan, and that's what I call thruse eloquence." "Yes, I hold that root to be invaluable," said the man who first embraced it in that point of regard as a benefactor of the first magnitude to mankind. And my decided opinion is that were until we grow potatoes in England, no efficient improvement of all our laborers, or those laborers be so able-bodied a class as the Irish." "Hear, hear!" cried both of the honse." "Well, by St. Patrick, but that bates everything, observed Jack, on finishing his notes, "that's rare philosophy. And the other member cried 'Hear, hear!' did they?" "The other gentleman cried 'hear!'" answered Morgan.

It is a quarter of an hour afterwards the house rose. Morgan went away direct to the office of the paper for which he was employed, while Jack in perfect accordance with the eulogium which had been pronounced on the virtue of the potato, went off to dine on that root in abundance to a public house, where the reporters who frequented the gallery of the house of commons papers were assembled. He read over the notes to them, which they copied verbatim, and not seeing at the time in the least any condition for judging of the probability of Mr. Wilberforce delivering such a speech, left the house to their respective duties, and actually gave a copy of it to the leader of the paper for which he was employed at all the papers, except the one with which Morgan O'Sullivan was connected. The consequence was that the speech was all over the town, and the next morning, and was universally ridiculed everything. Had it only appeared in one of the papers, the conclusion would be that the intelligence must at once have concluded that there was some mistake about the matter. But it appearing in all the journals except one, and that one so very obscure, that scarcely anybody knew whether the speech was in or not unforlored, as it were, people to the conclusion that it must have been actually made, that no inference was plain. Everybody, while regretting the certainly unfavorable light that no other course was left but to put Mr. Wilberforce at once in a straight-jacket, and locked him up as a keeper. In the evening the house met as usual, and Mr. Wilberforce, on the Speaker taking the chair, rose and the unflagging attention of the house for one moment to a matter which concerned it, as well as the country, personally. "Every honorable member, he observed, 'has doubtless read the speech which I am represented as having made on the previous night.' With the permission of the house I will read it. (Here the honorable member rose amid the general debating roars of laughter.) "I can assure the members that no one could have read the speech with more surprise than I myself did on hearing it, for when I found the paper on my table, fast-table. For myself, personally, I care but little about it, though if I were capable of uttering such nonsense as is said to be uttered in it sigh time that, instead of being a member of the house, I were in the lunatic asylum. It is for the dignity of this house that I feel compelled for the honorable members were capable of listening to such nonsense, supposing me capable or giving expression to it, to move most humbly and dutifully that a theatre for the performance of farces, than a place for the transaction of the business of the representatives of the nation." It was proposed by some members to call the printers of the different papers in which the speech appeared, to the bar of the house, for a breach of privilege; but the matter was eventually allowed to drop.

HE HAS NO WIFE.

He has no wife—he's quite alone,
Unvexed, unchanged, and well-to-do;
He has a say, to please or not,
He's coaches, cocktails, but does not live.

He has no wife—he does not know,
The joys which would be his if he
His absence there is came to mourn,
No eye looks bright at his return.

He has no one to care for if he's ill,
Though he is rich and healthy too;
How selfish he who will not share
His wealth with those around him fair.

He has no wife—no partner's smile,
Or losing fragile, his haste legate,
His heart no kind attachment owns,
Regardless of the joys of friends.

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That man should live to drink and eat!
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As His Honor knew no law to punish a man for throwing away his own property, no writ or rant was issued against the most perfect specimen of an "independent beggar" we ever heard or read.—*Boston Post.*

Singular accident, related by a retired Custom House Officer.—A gentleman who resided some time at Leura on a visit to a relative, was attacked a very curious malady. The loss which contained it was rather too large for his travelling pocket, and was accordingly stowed away in the interior seat of a by a stage coach, which, according to custom, was awarded at the gates of Paris. The wise officers broke open the box, and *presto!* the whole secret was out, gravely pronounced it to be the treasure of a *mad lasted* in an oven. The astonished gentleman came to support of their opinion, as they mistook them for a short and buried: and after a proper amount the supposed murdered per on was sent to the morne, or bone hunt to be owned. Some hours after an owner made his appearance to claim his lost property, which he supposed was detained at the office. On his first entrance, the officers left a bed at him with amazement and horror, but after seeing him become exceedingly angry, one of the officers, more sensible than the rest, approached, and softly whispered in the traveller's ear that he had better hold his tongue, and save his neck from the halter by a timely flight. Unable to guess the meaning of so unexpected an address, the gentleman retired, and directly appeared to the lieutenant of police, who, after repeated applications, gave him, in all due form, a permit from the magistrates to take away from the loose house the Egyptian prince or princess, who after having slept sound for two thousand years within a pyramid, was on the eve of recovering a Christian burial.

REMINISCENCES.

For the Sunday Evening Post.

A WORD IN SEASON.

The late Hon. J. Davenport, of Stamford, Connecticut, was, for several years, between 1790 and 1794, was one of the Governor's council, and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the county of Fairfield. It was a conscientious observer of the duties of the Sabbath. About that time Judge D. had occasion to employ a young man of the city of New York, were in the habit of travelling from that city to Stamford and other places in the vicinity of New York. Upon a certain Saturday evening, the young man of Stamford were coming out of their meeting-house, at the close of the morning service, when Judge D. passed by in his one-horse wagon, then, and why don't you be after telling it me at once? What was it about?" "About the virtue of the Irish potatoe, Jack."—"Was it the Irish potatoe you said, Morgan?"—"The Irish potatoe; and a most eloquent speech it was."—"Thunder and lightning, then, and why don't you tell it me?" "I'll read it from my book, Jack, and you'll take it down as I go on, said Morgan, pulling out his book, and quite ready at any time to write what any member says about our praises. "Are you ready to begin?" "Always, as-sured Morgan. "Now then," said Jack, with an energy which strangely contrasted with the generous languor of his manner. "Now then, Morgan, my boy. Morgan, affecting to read from his book, and commenced thus. "The honorable member said that—" "Oh, he say a little bit," interrupted Jack; "who is the honorable member? Morgan, hesitating for a moment—"What is his name you axed? Sure it was Mr. Wilberforce. "Mr. Wilberforce! Och, very well then—Morgan recommence, and Jack, who was determined always appeared to him beyond all question, that the great cause of the Irish laborers were as a body, no much stronger and capable of enduring so much greater physical fatigue, than the English, was the surpassing virtue of their potato. And he——

"Morgan my dear fellow," shouted Jack at the mention of the Irish potato, his countenance lighting up with ecstasy as he spoke, "Morgan, my dear fellow, this is so important that we must give it in the first person." "Do you think so?" said Morgan. "Think so! I do," answered Jack. "Very well," said the other, Morgan then continued. "And I have no doubt," continued Mr. Wilberforce, "that had it been left to me to have seen the vessel" "Don't remember say read!" interrupted Jack excitingly evidently associating the word with the graceful potatoes in his own blessed country. "He said 'read,'" observed the other, who then resumed. "Had it been left to me to be born and reared in Ireland, where my soul would have principally consisted of the potato—that most nutritious and salubrious root—instead of being the poor, infirm, shrivelled, rickety creature you see, and honorable gentlemen, now behold me—I would have been a tall, stout, athletic man, and what to carry an enormous weight." Here Jack Finnarty observed, looking his friend eagerly in the face. "Eh! Morgan, and that's what I call thruse eloquence." "Yes, I hold that root to be invaluable," said the man who first embraced it in that point of regard as a benefactor of the first magnitude to mankind. And my decided opinion is that were until we grow potatoes in England, no efficient improvement of all our laborers, or those laborers be so able-bodied a class as the Irish." "Hear, hear!" cried both of the honse." "Well, by St. Patrick, but that bates everything, observed Jack, on finishing his notes, "that's rare philosophy. And the other member cried 'Hear, hear!' did they?" "The other gentleman cried 'hear!'" answered Morgan.

It is a quarter of an hour afterwards the house rose. Morgan went away direct to the office of the paper for which he was employed, while Jack in perfect accordance with the eulogium which had been pronounced on the virtue of the potato, went off to dine on that root in abundance to a public house, where the reporters who frequented the gallery of the house of commons papers were assembled. He read over the notes to them, which they copied verbatim, and not seeing at the time in the least any condition for judging of the probability of Mr. Wilberforce delivering such a speech, left the house to their respective duties, and actually gave a copy of it to the leader of the paper for which he was employed at all the papers, except the one with which Morgan O'Sullivan was connected. The consequence was that the speech was all over the town, and the next morning, and was universally ridiculed everything. Had it only appeared in one of the papers, the conclusion would be that the intelligence must at once have concluded that there was some mistake about the matter. But it appearing in all the journals except one, and that one so very obscure, that scarcely anybody knew whether the speech was in or not unforlored, as it were, people to the conclusion that it must have been actually made, that no inference was plain. Everybody, while regretting the certainly unfavorable light that no other course was left but to put Mr. Wilberforce at once in a straight-jacket, and locked him up as a keeper. In the evening the house met as usual, and Mr. Wilberforce, on the Speaker taking the chair, rose and the unflagging attention of the house for one moment to a matter which concerned it, as well as the country, personally. "Every honorable member, he observed, 'has doubtless read the speech which I am represented as having made on the previous night.' With the permission of the house I will read it. (Here the honorable member rose amid the general debating roars of laughter.) "I can assure the members that no one could have read the speech with more surprise than I myself did on hearing it, for when I found the paper on my table, fast-table. For myself, personally, I care but little about it, though if I were capable of uttering such nonsense as is said to be uttered in it sigh time that, instead of being a member of the house, I were in the lunatic asylum. It is for the dignity of this house that I feel compelled for the honorable members were capable of listening to such nonsense, supposing me capable or giving expression to it, to move most humbly and dutifully that a theatre for the performance of farces, than a place for the transaction of the business of the representatives of the nation." It was proposed by some members to call the printers of the different papers in which the speech appeared, to the bar of the house, for a breach of privilege; but the matter was eventually allowed to drop.

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BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

NATCHEZ, DEC. 29.—The true account of the battle of San Jacinto, and the excessive conducted system of strategacks by which Santa Anna was brought to action just at that place and point of time, is yet unwritten. A personal friend holds Houston's promise to have one from the battle ground, which shall not fail to transmit to you by the new express mail, which, by the, by the bulletin of the battle, will be off in a few. A few authentic particulars which Have never seen in print. Houston had, in fact, a corps de reserve of 500 men, coming out of their meeting-house, at the close of the morning service, when Judge D. passed by in his one-horse wagon, then, and why don't you be after telling it me at once? What was it about?" "About the virtue of the Irish potatoe, Jack."—"Was it the Irish potatoe you said, Morgan?"—"The Irish potatoe; and a most eloquent speech it was."—"Thunder and lightning, then, and why don't you tell it me?" "I'll read it from my book, Jack, and you'll take it down as I go on, said Morgan, pulling out his book, and quite ready at any time to write what any member says about our praises. "Are you ready to begin?" "Always, as-sured Morgan. "Now then," said Jack, with an energy which strangely contrasted with the generous languor of his manner. "Now then, Morgan, my boy. Morgan, affecting to read from his book, and commenced thus. "The honorable member said that—" "Oh, he say a little bit," interrupted Jack; "who is the honorable member? Morgan, hesitating for a moment—"What is his name you axed? Sure it was Mr. Wilberforce. "Mr. Wilberforce! Och, very well then—Morgan recommence, and Jack, who was determined always appeared to him beyond all question, that the great cause of the Irish laborers were as a body, no much stronger and capable of enduring so much greater physical fatigue, than the English, was the surpassing virtue of their potato. And he——

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SILK CULTURIST.

From the Maine Farmer.

REPORT OF THE INCIDENTAL COMMITTEE.

The Incidental committee appointed the Kennebec County Agricultural Society to examine the specimens of silk exhibited at the late fair, have attended to the duty assigned them, and would report the following report:

They have examined with a lively interest the machine for spinning and twisting silk, invented by Mr. Adam Hicks of Gardiner, Me. Although your committee have no other knowledge of the art of reeling or spinning silk, than as Mr. Hicks has explained it to them, he ingenuous, was able to give us a practical illustration of the value of his machine. We are convinced of the justness of his claims to originality, by very many of the most valuable which it performed the business for which it designed.

Taking into consideration the already great, still increasing, and wide spread interest it is exciting in the public mind, and the importance of that business—the undoubtedly good degree of skill, and the extensive use he has made an efficient labor-saving machine, as an additional evidence of his claim to the favor which in our disposal will allow us, to the premium proposed towards Mr. Brooks, and certificate of merit to Mr. Hicks, each for a gratuity of ten dollars.

DR. BROOKS' STATEMENT.

To the Incidental Committee of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society.

Agreeably to your request, I submit the following statement respecting my domestic silk reeling. The machine which you have seen in operation—with some remarks on the process of manufacturing silk from the cocoon—is one of my inventions in the art of reeling. Twisters, such as the one presented, having been spoken of by me for several years, I had owned never again reeling silk without one. It is not necessary to say, that I had changed my mind and forgot my vow. But my fair unknown was engaged for several months in the city, and I was about to be contented with her promise to be my partner in a future day. Being a constant and assiduous observer of what was going on, careless whether the work was done in the old fashioned established routine or not, I became an attentive student of the regulations of the balls. It was but long before I discovered that the silk-worm had been deprived of its rightful time, and immediately after the cocoon was finished, the brushing him with so revolting a partiality in favor of stupidity and death. Having, at one time, some home things on the duties of men in public stations, the result was a promise from him, that the waltz should be specially announced. This settled, I returned to feast my eyes on the fair form of my unknown betrothed, and the renewed entreaties, for a glimpse under the cards of "paradise," for her face was not to be had lovely, she was invariable. "You little know what you ask," she would say, "you will see my face but too soon." "Modest as lovely!" she is an angel," said I. "Alas! she is woman, but not fallen woman," was the reply, succeed of your mistake." The music ceased, and the joyful faces of the gay throng soon approached the beauteous mask, and, setting my grasping curiosity, burns to contain, I made arrangements until I should be permitted to exercise that fair want. The first notes of the orchestra, and the cards were thrown off, and the throng the little reliance to be placed on fashionable attire. I turned in one direction to see the lady as she joined another cavalier, less fastidious in his choice, and returned to the seat of feeling of disappointment, such as may be conceived.

It was a moment to have converted the footsore's gift wand of office, into an instrument for the ation to deliver the expense preliminary to the moment of misuse. The hours are spent in drinking till it is time for some to go to the ball. The motion of the bridegroom gives the signal for starting by taking down the plume from the roof and mounting with it on his shoulder. The band leads the procession, and the destined fair one follows with her attendants, friends, &c. as before borrowed for the occasion. The bride is usually gaily in a white dress, and if the weather would be austere indeed, if on so interesting an occasion she refused the loan of almost any part of her wardrobe. The bridegroom puts the key of the land, and other rich neighbors, to all of which he is welcome. The bride's parents receive in return a present of money. When passing through the city of the village in which the church is situated, she throws a pair of garters among the crowd; and lucky is that unfortunate who gets the garter of the handsomest bride. The bridegroom and bride which causes obtains possession of the prize. After the marriage ceremony is performed in the usual way, the procession returns in the same order, celebrating the event by shooting and firing pistols. The whole party then repair to the bridegroom's house, and both sexes sit down to a feast, from which they rarely think of rising till mid-day on Monday.

BACHELORS' WOES.—An Irish colonel of a volunteer corps, who had long been a confirmed bachelor, carried much pleasantry, by harangu ing his men, "gentlemen we are all assembled this day to defend our wives and our children.

ADVENTURE AT A SPANISH MASKED BALL.

I had noticed, and followed all through the intricacies of a figure dance, the lady in black satin feet, both for their beauty and spangled shoes, belonging to his companion, a figure not unlikely to a woman. As I looked, long forgotten sensations stole across my heart, which had been unknown for many years. I had vowed never again to be entangled with the fairer sex, I endeavored to say, that I had changed my mind and forgot my vow. But my fair unknown was engaged for several months in the city, and I was about to be contented with her promise to be my partner in a future day. Being a constant and assiduous observer of what was going on, careless whether the work was done in the old fashioned established routine or not, I became an attentive student of the regulations of the balls. It was but long before I discovered that the silk-worm had been deprived of its rightful time, and immediately after the cocoon was finished, the brushing him with so revolting a partiality in favor of stupidity and death. Having, at one time, some home things on the duties of men in public stations, the result was a promise from him, that the waltz should be specially announced. This settled, I returned to feast my eyes on the fair form of my unknown betrothed, and the renewed entreaties, for a glimpse under the cards of "paradise," for her face was not to be had lovely, she was invariable. "You little know what you ask," she would say, "you will see my face but too soon." "Modest as lovely!" she is an angel," said I. "Alas! she is woman, but not fallen woman," was the reply, succeed of your mistake." The music ceased, and the joyful faces of the gay throng soon approached the beauteous mask, and, setting my grasping curiosity, burns to contain, I made arrangements until I should be permitted to exercise that fair want. The first notes of the orchestra, and the cards were thrown off, and the throng the little reliance to be placed on fashionable attire. I turned in one direction to see the lady as she joined another cavalier, less fastidious in his choice, and returned to the seat of feeling of disappointment, such as may be conceived.

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ATKINSON'S CASKET.

JUST PUBLISHED.

The JANUARY Number of Atkinson's Casket, or Gems of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, with the follow-

Embellishments:

The Peruvian Scene, a historical steel plate—Picture on Morgan or Cacus. Jerusalem—Interior of the Grand Palace. Dresden. Mosaic—"I can Loiter," the beautiful Italian Girl. Fashions colored in Detail, sung by Mrs. Emily, in the popular Drama of "Lontie."

CONTENTS.

The Panther Scene, a historical plate; Armand de Lupar; Adventure of Lewis Wetzel; Something from the World Famed; Picture on the Mosque of Omar, sung; Lucretia Borgia; Ancient Rome; Interior of Peter Wright & Sons.

A Happy New Year; Benjamin Washington; The Valley of Peruvian Scene; The Autumn Evening; The Old Man's Grave; Song; Song; Song